TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVI.
1466.

MAGNIFICENT HOLIDAY PRESENTATION SEE CENTRE SUPPLEMENT

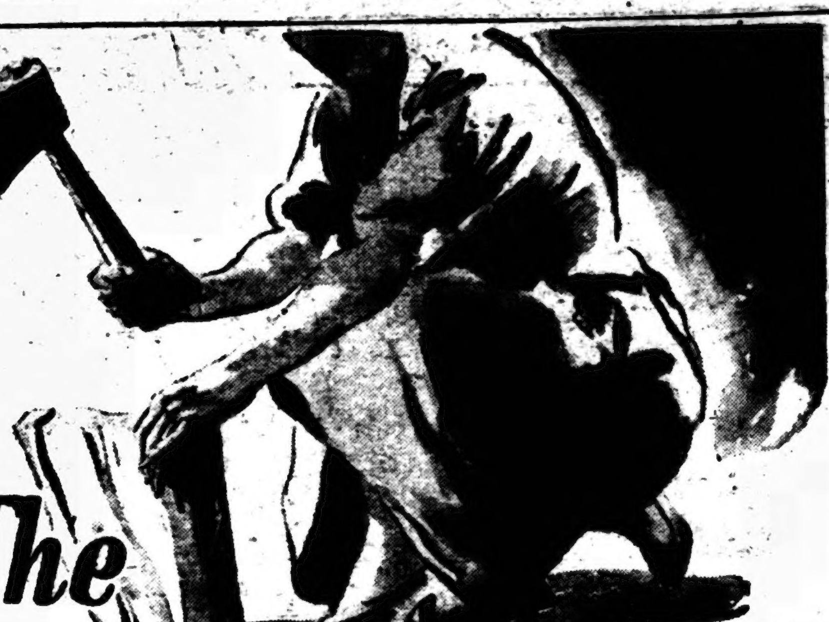
JOHN BULL

MOTHER AFTER MOTHER
prefers BIRD'S CUSTARD

A wise mother puts her faith in Bird's Custard, for its QUALITY! Bird's is PURE. Its carefully selected ingredients are refined 8 times! Bird's is SMOOTH as cream. It is sifted through the finest silk to make it so! Bird's is always FRESH. It is hermetically sealed in its tin! For these 'quality' reasons mother after mother prefers Bird's Custard.

TESTED
C.1248

BIRD'S
CUSTARD
BIRD'S PURE FOOD PRODUCTS



The SPLINTER of DEATH

SHE was chopping some wood when she felt a sudden sharp pain. A splinter had run into one of her fingers. But what was a splinter? A mere nothing; she soon got it out and forgot all about it. The next day she was surprised to find that her finger was causing her considerable pain. She called a doctor. He tended it, then ordered her to hospital, where, within a few hours, *she died as a result of blood poisoning.*

Think of it, an ordinary splinter, yet it proved *fatal*. This, in brief, is the sudden catastrophe that befell Mrs. Sarah Beadle, of "Line View," Oakland Estate, Welwyn.

"JOHN BULL'S" £110 CHEQUE.

Mrs. Beadle's husband, as one of our registered readers, has received from JOHN BULL *a cheque for* £110, *which includes the* 10 *per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.*

How many people realise the dangers lurking behind scores of tasks performed in the home—climbing a step-ladder, ironing, sharpening knives, using gardening tools, using a mangle, standing on a chair, and even such a simple thing as walking downstairs?

JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift covers the common risks of everyday life—Accidents in Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Boating and Bathing—and pays handsome benefits for Children's Accidents.

But that is not all; remember, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to safeguard your home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, and to pay benefits for Sickness (as specified) and is the *only* paper that adds a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to all benefits paid to readers of over three months' standing.

Think! This great Insurance Gift is yours for the asking. No heavy premiums to pay. All you have to do is to sign the forms below and it is yours Free, from JOHN BULL. Sign the forms below now, while you think of it.

"John Bull"—the ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood, and Sickness Benefits.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature..............................

Address..............................

....

.... Date..............................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 21/7/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age..............................

Address..............................

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent..............................

....

.... Date..............................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 21/7/34

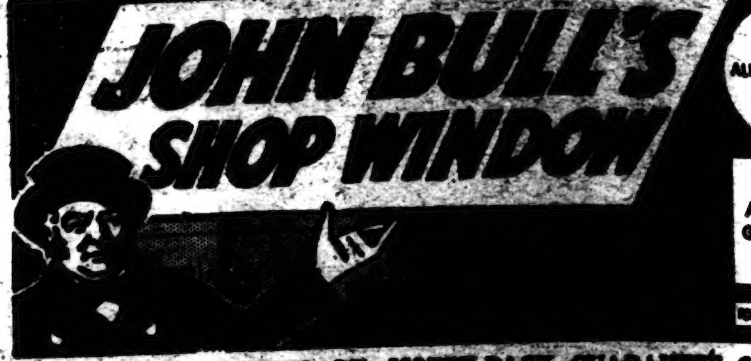
JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.* Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Pencil and Fortune Heads Holiday Offer on page 39



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ALL ROUND

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FINE ART SILK PETTICOATS & KNICKERS
Post free

Pink, White, Green, Blue, Beige and Maize. Money refunded if not satisfied.

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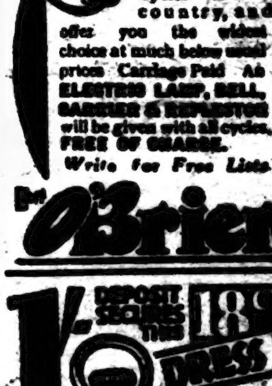
Write for Free Lists.
O'Brien Ltd. of COVENTRY

WHAT SHOULD YOU
45/- to 50/-
MONEY BACK

LAST TWO WEEKS
TO
THOMAS & Co.,

1/- DEPOSIT SECURES THIS 18ct. PLATED DRESS HUNTER

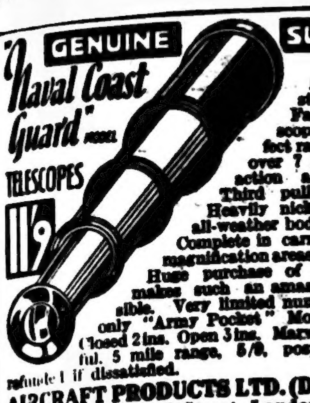


Undoubtedly one of the most handsome watches of the 1934 Swiss Exhibition. To its credit 7 "ancre de precision" medals stamped on extra inside dust-proof case. Highly polished 18ct. plated, modern chased case, incorporated to prevent wear and scratching. Thin and neat for dress and everyday wear. Unbreakable. Inside glass. Accurate Geneva lever movement. Timed, tested and guaranteed 10 years. Sent for 1/- down, balance 1/6 fortnightly until 25/- is paid in all. Cash or within 7 days 22/6.
ARMCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.12),
87, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.
(2nd Floor, opposite Glaxo).

FREE
100% Sheffield "Double Life" Razor Blades

Enter this Free Competition!
50 Solid Silver Cider TANKARDS FREE!
No Entrance Fee—Nothing to buy.
ON p. 24 appear 10 testimonials as to the excellence of BULMER'S WOODPECKER CIDER. Simply decide which in your opinion is the order of merit. Then fill in the entry form and add your name and address in block letters and address to: H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Dept. C.4, Cider Makers, Hereford, so as to reach them not later than July 31st.
To the first 50 replies opened which give the order of merit coinciding with Mr. Bulmer's opinion a Solid Silver Cider Tankard will be awarded free.
Here's a chance to win a handsome gift in a simple competition which will well repay a few moments' careful study. Enter this now!

OUTSIZE FLAN
MANUFACTURER'S SPECIAL OFFER
7/6



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"Naval Coast Guard" MODEL TELESCOPES 11/9

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2nd Floor (opposite Glaves).

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ALL ROUND VALUE
A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

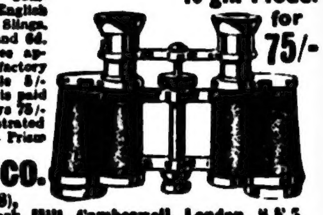
EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 18

YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT

PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars By Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification Wide View Screw and Eyepiece Focus Bending Bar Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 5/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

10 gn. Model for 75/-



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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Deposit.	M'thly.
4ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 10 0	or 2/6	2/6
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8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£2 15 0	or 4/-	5/11
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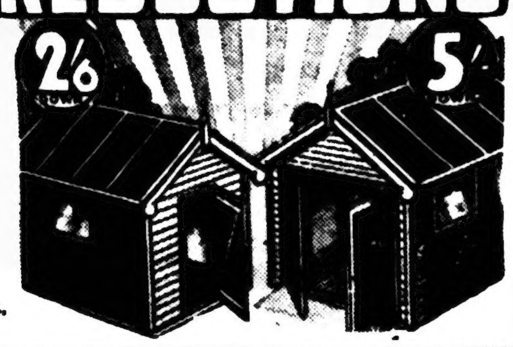
PENT ROOF GARDEN SHEDS from 20/-

J. THORN & SONS, LTD. (Box 46), Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.
Telephone: Bexleyheath 305 (5 lines).



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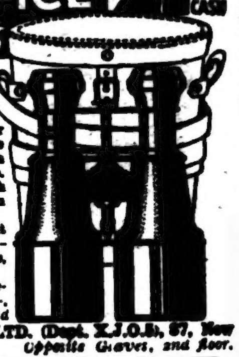

Every piece stamped. These famous glasses have perfect range of vision of over 7 miles. Adjustment by micrometer range finder. Huge purchase of surplus stock makes such an amazing offer possible. 21/-, post 1/-, complete with soldier-made case and arm sling.

300 only "Super-Dreadnought Model" to clear at 30/-, post 1/- "Army & Navy" Telescopes, 25x, 21/-, post 1/-. "War Office Model" Telescopes, 30x, 30/-, post 1/-. Money refunded if not satisfied.

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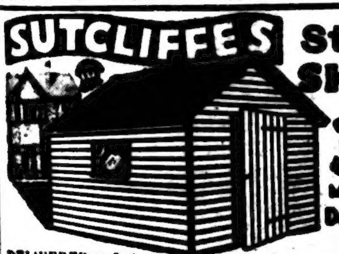

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NO COSTS
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No Experience Needed

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COULD you do with £5 to £25 (and more) this Christmas? Well, here's your opportunity—and without risking a single penny! Become an Agent for the old-established 'Shield' Xmas Club—the soundest and most progressive club in the country! Become an Agent for the 'Shield' and offer your friends the most amazing value in up-to-date goods of every description—goods they will be so eager to buy that your Agency can easily prove to be a veritable gold mine!

Your commission is generous, and there are special Agents' Gifts of Gold Watches, Canteens of Cutlery, Trinket Sets, etc. There is no outlay, costs or deposit—could anything be easier!

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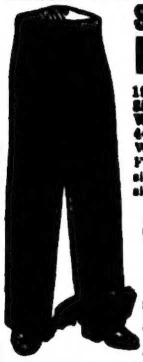
DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES!

RECORD SUMMER HOLIDAY OFFER!

SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS



19, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms. Silver, Med., or Dark Grey. Waist 30-42. Leg 27-36. 44 to 50 Waist 1/- extra. Well cut and made from tested Flannel, fitted with belt loops, side straps and buttons inside; front cash and 2 side pockets, permanent turn-ups. State waist, inside leg & width bottom required.

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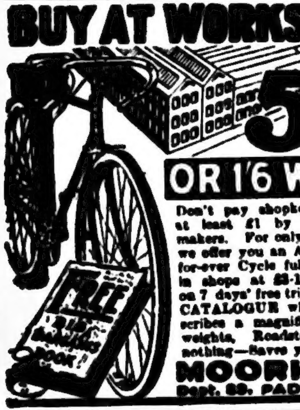
BUY AT WORKS PRICE 59/9 OR 1/6 WEEKLY



Don't pay shopkeepers' prices! Save at least £1 by buying from actual makers. For only 59/9, or 1/6 weekly, we offer you an All-British guaranteed-for-ever Cycle fully equal to anything in shops at £3-19-6. Carriage paid on 7 days' free trial. SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE which pictures and describes a magnificent range of Lightweights, Roadsters, etc. Costs you nothing—Saves you pounds.

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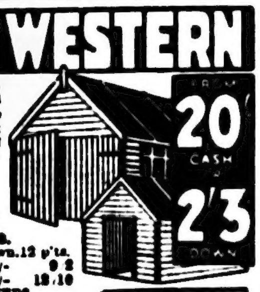
Garages from 70/- or 5/- down. Made from seasoned timber. All buildings have double strength timber at corners. Planed rebated weatherboard not feather-edge.

STEEL BRACING 6d EXTRA



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Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

75 delightful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Winsey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Winsey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc., etc. A recent Purchaser writes: "Words cannot express my thanks for the sweet layette. The little garments are marvellous. I spent all morning looking at them."

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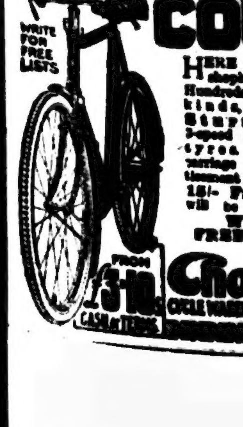

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

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Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your illustrated Catalogue. *If insufficient space use margin below advert.*
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(BLOCK LETTERS)
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Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) .... J.B. 104

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for Booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Dept. B.4), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4

PULL
PICCADILLY
VIRGINIA

Yes! I've changed to these Junior size Piccadilly – not so large – but just right for so many occasions, and the flavour is delightful

PICCADILLY

Juniors

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

CONVENIENT OVAL TINS of 30 for 1/-

ALSO IN PACKETS OF 15 for 6d.

CONTAINING PICTURES OF TEST CRICKETERS

Made to Carreras' Quality Standard

P.J.4.

TRY A TIN TODAY – *NEW! FRESH!* – JUNIOR SIZE – SENIOR QUALITY

JB

"John Bull," 21/7/34.

BE KIND for a WEEK!

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

For week ending Saturday, July 21, 1934. Two-pence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

A NATIONAL Week of Kindness! That is the idea which John Bull offers to the nation.

Collective effort is the most powerful of all human levers. By its aid almost anything can be accomplished. You can make people for- everything and march to war for the most vial and empty of ideals. You can make them ange the creed of generations, the beliefs of a etime.

To-day we see that great force exercised in ntless causes, good, bad and indifferent. We ve "weeks," and "days," set aside for this, t and the other thing. For fostering every d of aspiration, national, local, commercial, igious, philanthropic.

Why not a "week" for reviving the most ctical, the most human of all virtues? We ve a Two Minutes' Silence for the Dead. Why a Week of Kindness for the Living?

We are living in a world where that greatest the virtues is wearing a bit thin. Somewhere ong the noise and fray, the whirling wheels d marching feet, it is being lost. Let us see w we can apply that one Week to recover it.

In the family, between man and wife, for t one week, let there be forbearance.

Seventy thousand separation orders, seventy usand broken homes, the endlessly turning lls of the Divorce Courts is our perpetual minder of the lack of it.

"No kindness," said a great and famous judge ently to an unfortunate couple before him, "no dness anywhere in the appalling story of your together. Nor, indeed, in most of these matri- nial cases of which I hear. Some of you ple never seem to have learnt it." Let *every* rried couple try it, for one week.

☆ ☆ ☆

And between parents and children.

There, the monument to the lack of kindness the recent report of the N.S.P.C.C. with its her figures of child cruelty. Frayed nerves and itability due to the worry and hunger of un- ployment are the cause. So for one week keep curb on those nerves and tempers which can ng such suffering to little children.

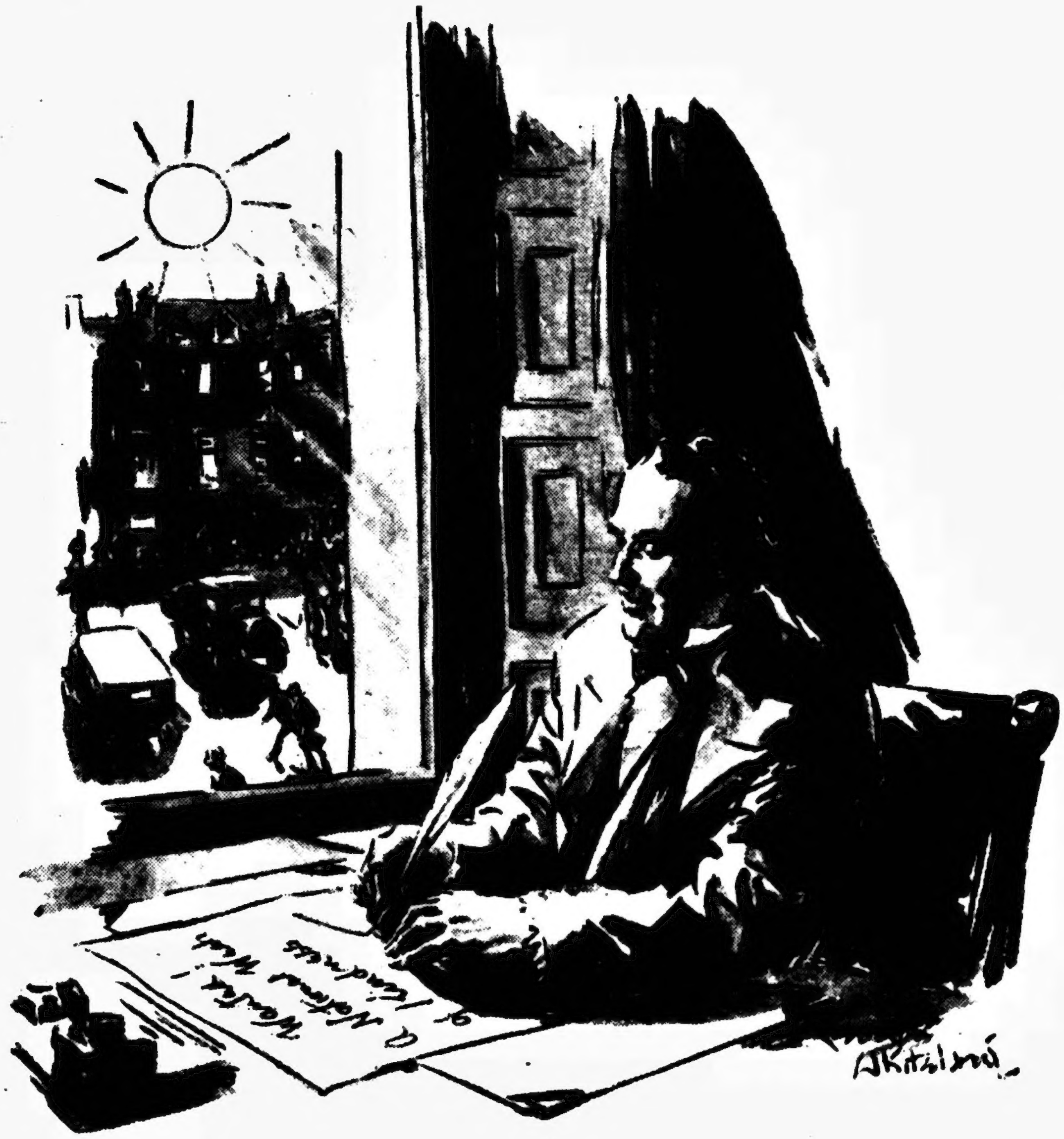
And between parents and their grown-up ldren.

Those twenty thousand missing girls, the ndreds which the newspapers print every nth, the nightly droning of the B.B.C. an- uncers—"Missing from her home ——" . . .

There is a plain and dire truth behind nearly of them; kindness and forbearance never ove anybody from their home. The young of -day live very different lives from those their rents lived in their youth. What is poison one generation will not necessarily kill the xt. For one week let all of us who are parents member that.

Towards our neighbours let us keep the simple eals of that week of kindness in mind.

Since the beginning of this year fifteen people ve died by their own hand in this country, iven to their end by spiteful gossip, malicious lk. For one week watch that careless word, that le guess that can wreck the life and soul of another human being. Among those neighbours of yours there may be somebody you know to be needy or unfortunate. You could do something practical for them that week.


A National Week of Kindness!

You can bear in mind, in what you do, two shining examples of Christian charity which have appeared lately in the newspapers.

The example, for instance, of William Morss, of Lambeth, the unemployed man who spent his last shilling on a taxi to rush the sick baby of a neighbour to hospital.

Or that of the neighbours of William Steenson, of Salford, who was faced recently with finding £5 or going to prison for two months for "obstruction." William Steenson lives in Paradise, the queerly named poorest district of Salford. The inhabitants of Paradise, where pennies are few, had a whip round from door to door and their pennies and halfpennies raised £5 and saved William Steenson from prison.

☆ ☆ ☆

And for those who work for us, we can do something in that week of kindess.

Remember the postman, who has a hundred staircases to climb with your letters; the policeman, who guards the crossings, your safety and your property; the bus-driver, the tired waitress who has only four limbs and not a hundred to do your bidding. Or an employee who may have worked well for you, or another who may be bearing calamity with fortitude in that private life of his of which you know nothing.

And for those for whom you work.

You can put more kindness in your duty towards your employer in that week, take some extra little sincere thought for his interests, which are also yours.

And between all those who use the roads.

Unselfishness, deliberately practised for that one week between all who use the roads, motorists and pedestrians alike, would do much to reduce that terrible death-roll of 140 lives a week.

☆ ☆ ☆

John Bull would like to see the State and the Churches act on this idea of a Week of Kindness and help to bring it about. The Government could spread the idea through broadcasting, the post, the proclamations of Parliament. The Churches could support it, and the weight of the combined sponsorship would tell.

The Government itself could observe such a week in its relations with the public and with the other States in this little world of ours. It can take a leaf out of the book of France, where a national week of kindness is already an established feature of that country's life.

And the Churches. . . . they might forget for one week the warring jealousies of ritual, those recent affairs which disgrace them and the name of the Founder. . . They could show by precept that even if it is not possible to live like the Sermon on the Mount for a lifetime, ordinary humanity might try to do it for a week.

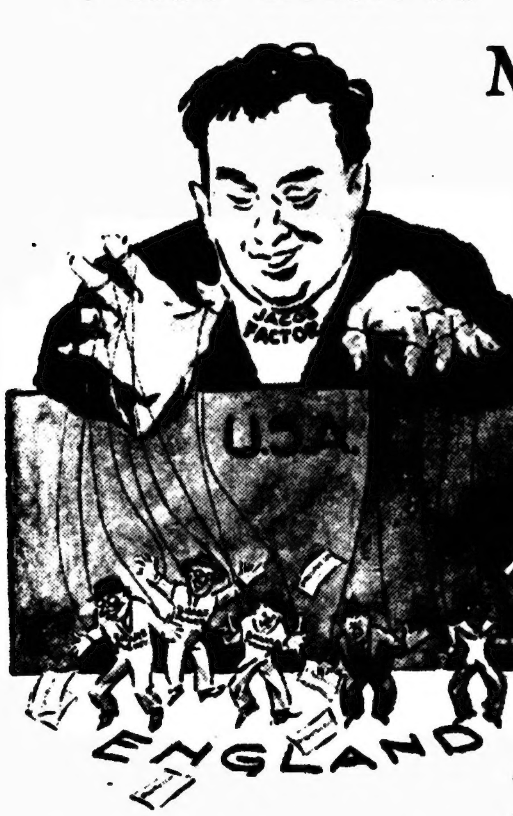
If the effects of unkindness and evil can be readily measured, so can the effects of kindness and goodness. One can spread and grow as well as the other.

But we don't know until we try, and try all together. Let us try it with a National Week of Kindness.

Vast Shares Conspiracy—You Have Been Warned!

M.P.s and the Forged Letters

Good News for Poor Mothers



The share plunderers are here again—with Factor still pulling the strings

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

"JOHN BULL" considers it an urgent duty to warn its readers against a great new criminal conspiracy to rob the public.

Indeed, it promises to be the most sensational in the history of share-pushing frauds—even bigger than the £3,000,000 ramp of the notorious Jacob Factor.

We can reveal, in fact, that Factor is the master mind behind this vast new organisation that is determined to plunder the unsuspecting investor.

Sinister Singer

In the past three weeks more than a score of tricksters, mostly American, have arrived in this country. Now their nominal chief, Maurice Singer, is in London.

Singer, who has constantly been denounced in JOHN BULL and has attracted the attention of the police in many lands, became notorious long ago as Factor's chief lieutenant and co-plotter.

Moreover, we know that his plans for this latest invasion of Britain were evolved in co-operation with Factor, who dare not set foot in this country for fear of instant arrest.

Passport dodge

More than £20,000 has been spent by the authorities in vain attempts to obtain Factor's extradition from America to face his trial here for vast frauds.

This failure to bring him to justice has encouraged his hirelings to renew their nefarious activities, and most of them have landed here with Canadian passports to avoid the risk of deportation.

Widespread campaign

Already their campaign is in full swing.

Offices have been established in London and the help obtained of stockbrokers outside the Stock Exchange who are known to be unscrupulous in their dealings.

And already a flood of worthless shares has been released to lure the unwary investor.

Bait for the unwary

These shares include an astonishing variety of trumpery but plausible offers—for gold and copper mines, oil wells, rubber estates, films, machinery factories and so on. They are being unloaded in such huge quantities that the gang counts on being able to reap an immense fortune in a comparatively short time, and to escape from the country before investors realise that they have been duped.

The Yard is watching

We are glad to say that the authorities are fully aware of this sinister scheme. There have been long conferences between high officials of Scotland Yard and the Public Prosecutor's Office.

We know, too, that a special squad of detectives has been delegated to make the most searching enquiries into the activities of the gang.

The trouble is that before the necessary evidence can be obtained to justify legal action thousands of people may be defrauded of their life's savings and the gang have fled to safety.

Ask us!

Maurice Singer's cleverness in past exploits proves how real is this danger. Once he established a so-called bank to further his share gambles, and a "newspaper" called the *Weekly Financial Review*, that exhorted all and sundry to take advantage of the "bank's" own "share-dealing department."

Needless to say, Singer was the only person who reaped the advantage, for his "bank" was merely a share-pushing agency.

We can only advise all investors, therefore, to exercise especial caution in the near future. Above all, when any doubt arises, they should write for the free advice of JOHN BULL's financial experts.

Sir Hilton's triumph!

We hasten to salute Sir Hilton Young's great achievement! He has hit on an idea at last to reduce the drought.

From the Ministry of Health comes a circular suggesting that where water is scarce people should catch and drink rain water!

True, some of us have been lucky enough to see a little rain after many weeks' absolute dryness. But if all the others had collected the last month's rainfall they wouldn't have enough to float a tadpole.

What a pity Sir Hilton isn't a tadpole.

Go to Halifax!

And we almost wish that his colleague, Lord Halifax, would leave Whitehall for retirement in his name-town. His excuse that the school-leaving age can't be raised to fifteen because "the country can't afford it" is just hypocritical nonsense.

The country can afford scores of millions for more warships and bombing 'planes—or the Government believes it can. And it would cost only £2,000,000 in the first year and less every succeeding year to keep youngsters off the streets.

No, Lord Halifax should have found a better excuse.

Where's it gone?

Again, Mr. Runciman could afford a £2,000,000 subsidy to shipowners, though they are now asking for more.

But we hope he will steel his heart as Lord Halifax has done.

The shipowners made £350,000,000 profits in the *first thirty-one months* of the war: let him ask where those profits have gone.

M.P.s and forgery

Another unwelcome piece of news is the grave allegation of Mr. Geoffrey Mander, M.P. He says he has received many letters, purporting to come from his constituents, asking him to oppose the Betting Bill.

But when he sent polite replies the supposed correspondents protested angrily that they had not written, to him and had no interest in dog racing.

In other words, the letters were forged. And another M.P. alleges "Tammany methods."

Stamp it out!

Whatever the pros and cons of the Betting Bill, there can be no excuse for this abominable form of opposition.

We can understand sportsmen fighting the Bill. But sportsmen don't fight with knuckledusters hidden in their gloves.

M.P.s should not let the matter rest there. They should see that determined steps are taken to bring the perpetrators to book.

Good for mothers

But let us echo the cheers which came from all Parties when Sir Gerald Hurst introduced a new Bill.

This will enable local authorities to provide home nursing services for the sick poor—a long-needed reform.

Here's hoping it will get a quick passage into law, Sir Gerald!

The week's good deed

Mention of home nursing brings us to the appeal of a Loughborough woman that her unborn child should not have the stigma of being born in jail.

She had been sentenced to six months for theft, but the quarter sessions responded to her plea and reduced the period to three months.

Mothers everywhere will thank them.

By their leave

We are also pleased that the Newport magistrates allowed a prisoner three hours' leave to visit his dying father under police escort, though we don't think mercy would have been strained if the period had been longer.

This man had lost his sister only two days before and had given a pint and a half of blood in a vain effort to save his father's life.

Whatever may be said of him in court, he's a real man.

The Fragrant Minute

SILENCE IS BRASS

"SILENCE is golden." Not always my friend. This proverb can come to a very bad end. There's speech that is idle and does lots of harm, and silence of course can heal with its charm. But also there's silence that's idle and bad, a silence that makes me both angry and sad. A dishonest silence with the soul of a slave, for mark you, mere silence is not always brave.

Nor is it golden—it's like sounding brass; silence you know, will let a lie pass, will hear condemnation unjust and untrue, yet make no defence nor the slightest to-do.

Speech merely "silver" is better than gold if it makes a tongue honest and eager and bold. To speak of an ideal, uphold what is good, for silence, remember, is misunderstood, and if you say nothing when wrong is in sight, you help, by your silence, to make it sound right.

Expedient silence! A thing I detest. Where truth is concerned, then clear speech is best.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Any offers?

There's a lot of manliness, too, in seventeen-year-old George Crossley, a destitute Irish youth who saved a woman from drowning at Westminster and then ran away from the applauding crowd.

He has no home, no job, no "dole," not a penny, but he says he doesn't want a reward.

We hope he gets one—a good job.

Appearances count

We were amused to see that Judge Rowlands thought an out-of-work man looked "very smart" because he was wearing a chain. Why shouldn't he?

There's a lot of truth in the old Chinese proverb, "The stomach may be empty but the trousers must not be torn."

A good appearance very often keeps up a man's self-respect—and brings him better fortune.

Keeping them poor

But we admire the Dean of Manchester for moving into a new and smaller deanery, "so enabling the next dean to be the first to live on his income."

One of the problems of our ministers is the huge, barn-like vicarages and rectories that keep them poor and make it hard to teach their flocks the lesson of living within their income.

If the Church had more sense it would make it possible for all clerics to get rid of such costly encumbrances.

Crazy loophole

A legal flaw that must be ended is now being exploited by landlords. A woman whose husband dies intestate is able by law to carry on the controlled tenancy of the house, but she is given no such protection if her husband leaves her his possessions by will!

In North London, for example, widows whose husbands left a will have been ordered to pay increased rent or find other accommodation.

What beats us is how such a glaring absurdity ever passed into law.

Luckless victims

Then there is the dangerous anomaly that a person injured by a police car has no redress except against the actual driver.

The authorities can refuse to pay damages and are under no compulsion to effect third-party insurance.

It is easy to see how a breadwinner might be maimed for life and cheated of any compensation — a scandal that should be made impossible.

Haphazard

And the chief meat inspector at Cardiff draws attention to another stupidity. While we demand a high standard in the meat sent here from abroad, we provide no such care with our home-killed meat.

"Haphazard and irregular," he describes our method. If so, it is bound to injure our cattle industry — to say nothing of the consumer.

Why?

The extreme Sabbatarians have really surpassed themselves in wanting to close the waterfall at Dyserth, Flintshire, on Sundays.

Dyserth is one of the few villages that can boast a waterfall in the main street; the small charge made to visitors goes to charity.

Now, why on earth should a natural beauty be considered irreligious on Sunday?

Hard luck

A male nurse at Bethlem Hospital contracted tuberculosis and was granted sick leave and the assurance that his reinstatement would be carefully considered when he was able to present a clear bill of health.

Well, he was certified as non-infectious and fit for work some months ago, but is still unable to secure reinstatement.

We appeal to the hospital authorities to give this case the closest consideration.

DOCTORS can be MADE to CARE

by Dr. Somerville HASTINGS

former M.P. for Reading

"Every doctor should be part of a team"—Surgeons preparing for an operation
—a scene from the Gilbert Miller production "Men in White" now being played in London

THERE appeared in last week's JOHN BULL an article entitled "Doctors Who Don't Care," which I read with a great deal of interest. It instanced cases of neglect of panel patients by their doctors which were not happy reading. And in some cases the punishments, it owed, were ridiculously inadequate to the ence.

It made it clear, I think, that the doctors who recklessly disregarded the health and welfare their patients were not at all typical of their ble profession, a point I would like to stress. t, lest my emphasis on this should create the pression that I think that all is well with the edical service of this country, I hasten to say at I do not.

Well, what is wrong with our medical ser- e? Let us take stock of it and see.

To begin with, we shall find a fine body of en and women giving of their best and turning t as a general rule a fairly high quality of work. is only fair to say that. But see how the tient is at the mercy of the system.

On the one hand, we have the private tient, who must buy his health if he can afford pay for it, just as he buys tea or sugar, and no, if he is neglected by his doctor, has no right complaint, and whose only redress, apart from legal action, is to go elsewhere.

On the other hand, we have the insured rson. He *can* complain if he does not get what is entitled to. He has a remedy of sorts. But his panel practitioner can pass him on to an sistant if he so wishes, and may, if he has a sy practice, decide that those of his patients no can pay his fees shall have the first call on s time and attention, he is not too well safe- arded.

Privileged people . . .

NOT a very reassuring state of affairs, surely. But then add to it the disadvantages that are common to private and panel patient like.

To-day there are only three classes of people ho get efficient medical treatment provided free. hey are criminals, lunatics and sufferers from enereal disease.

But if an honest citizen, even though an in- ured person, happens to get an acute attack of ppendicitis, or falls and breaks his thigh, or in ny way needs an operation beyond the skill of is panel or private doctor, in many parts of Eng- nd, he must either find the money he may not be able to afford or go cap in hand and beg for admission to a voluntary hospital, or become technically a pauper and go to a Poor Law Infirmary. True, where a municipal hospital exists, a patient can go there as a right and demand admission.

Such grievances are concerned with cure. But there is another primary need besides cure in health matters, that is prevention. Prevention is more important than cure to all except the people who are already stricken.

Let an insured person seek out his doctor with the prevention of illness in view, and what will he find? That it is the panel doctor's duty to treat disease and not to prevent it, and that with the National Health Insurance, as with private practice, there is crying need of a co-ordination between the preventive and curative services.

And what happens when sickness comes to us? Our doctor will do everything he can to get us well, within the limits of the knowledge he possesses, and the means he can command. He is probably a busy man who has as much as he can do to earn a living, and has to see every type of case from a tumour on the brain to housemaid's knee.

He's only human

IF his knowledge does not suffice—and we cannot expect him to know everything—he will then suggest (unless you suggest it yourself) that you should seek further advice by calling in a specialist or going to a hospital.

In other words, the need for a second opinion will only be demonstrated by the failure of the first, a terrible drawback, seeing that in the interval, valuable time, particularly in the case of a serious affection, may have been wasted.

And, after all, why shouldn't a doctor hesitate to call in other help? He is only human. Your solicitor doesn't tell you that his fellow-solicitor down the way may know more about company law than he does.

Even if the doctor wants you to seek other advice on what you think a comparatively simple matter, remember that the busy practitioner earning very small fees finds it very difficult to keep pace with the rapid advance of medical science. He stands in need of a refresher course —and can't take one. Then, cut off and compelled to work as a separate unit, he misses that advice and criticism from his fellow-doctors that is so valuable.

Every doctor should be part of a team. It was team work that saved the life of the King during his serious illness. But what chance has the practitioner outside a general hospital where team work functions so splendidly, and is responsible for a great deal of the success achieved?

If our medical service is to be efficient, our doctors must not be allowed to work alone. They must co-operate with their fellows. They should have assisting them a team of specialists of every sort and kind.

Compare how much we have done for the minds of the masses with how little we have done for their health—in other words, how different has been our fostering of education and medicine.

The State took over education as far back as 1870 to abolish a system that was keeping large numbers of children uneducated. Yet sixty-four years later the same haphazard system that ruled in education then is still considered good enough for the nation's health.

The net annual loss from sickness in this country, as a result of decreased earnings and cost of treatment, has been estimated at well over £300,000,000, which does not take into account the capital value of lives lost.

If a child falls ill, and the family is an honest one that likes to pay its way, the question may often arise: "Shall we make use of the money we have put on one side to buy Mary a new pair of boots, and send for the doctor, or just trust to luck that Tommy will feel better to-morrow?" While the matter is under consideration valuable time is lost.

Both the State and the child's parents have spent much on Tommy to bring him up to the point at which he is just about to earn his own living. Money has been spent on education, food, housing, clothing, and in countless other ways. The State has considered it worth spending. Is it all, or part of it, to be lost because of the need for safeguarding Mary's boots?

My plan

AND it doesn't only concern Tommy. Every penny spent on the education of our children is at stake in this way. And don't let us imagine that is the only point. There are many others—among them that a person suffering from a preventable disease is not only a public loss, but in many cases a public danger as well.

I think I have written enough to show what a drastic need there is for a complete change in the organisation of our whole medical service, and how vital it is to the health and well-being of the nation. But how, you will ask, can it be brought about?

It can only be done by a State Medical Service, providing at the expense of the rates and taxes the best that medical science can give for rich and poor alike. Under such a system the abuses so obvious to-day would be impossible.

The country would be split up into units of about 60,000 population, with one doctor to each 2,000. These doctors would work at their respective stations, situated either in or in close association with the particular health centre for their district, where their patients' records would be kept. They would have specialists, X-ray facilities, pathological laboratories, and other ancillary services at their beck and call, so to speak. And what is more, they would both cure and prevent.

There would be a complete marshalling of all the medical resources of the country, which would be held in readiness for whoever needed them, irrespective of what their purses contained. And there would be the much-needed co-ordination of preventive and curative services.

The medical profession itself is inclining to this idea, especially among its younger members, and the British Medical Association has already brought forward a proposal which might easily lead on to a State Medical Service.

The fault in the panel system, to which JOHN BULL has rightly drawn attention, is but a part of the failure of our medical service as a whole.

It is too bad to patch, although patching would do it no harm. But it will never become the system so vitally necessary to the health and prosperity of the nation until we face up to the fact that we have got to build it anew.

MIGRATED!—from

"Doomed to squander away their youth at street corners . . . .

WHEN the word emigration is mentioned the mind conjures up a picture of the crowded decks of a liner moving slowly away from the home quayside, of sad farewells lightened a little by high hopes —the picture which rejoiced the sight of that eminent Victorian who once said that the bulwark of the Empire was emigrant ships, not battleships.

It is a picture which has nearly been forgotten during the past few years.

Now a very different kind of migration is going on.

Not to the wide open spaces beyond the seas, but to towns and counties within Great Britain itself.

Not of grown men and fathers of families, but of children, boys and girls in their 'teens, the raw material of the State.

A handful of Civil servants is behind this great Migration of Youth scheme.

Inspired and directed by them, it has succeeded quietly, almost secretly, in a little over five years in transplanting over 20,000 boys and girls from derelict towns of South Wales and the North to more prosperous communities in the industrial Midlands and the South.

Taken from workless homes, where even hope had died long ago, doomed to squander away their youth at street corners, they have been found new homes, trades, and the assurance of work at the most important time of their lives.

You can only get the figures of achievement so far by direct inquiry from the officials concerned, at the Ministry of Labour. They have always avoided publicity about their work.

The campaign plan of these fighters for youth is based on a Government publication "printed for subscribers only" called the Local Unemployment Index. Look therein and you will find, behind the dull figures, the motive for and the idea behind this vast scheme.

On one page you find under the heading Juvenile Unemployment such figures as these: Jarrow, 100 per cent.; Hebburn, 70 per cent.; Abertillery, 100 per cent.; South Shields, 60 per cent.; Merthyr Tydfil, 55 per cent.; Maryport, 60 per cent. On another page: Leicester, 2 per cent.; Birmingham, 1.6 per cent.; Coventry, 1.7 per cent.; Kidderminster, .7 per cent.; Leeds, 2.5 per cent.; London, 6.7 per cent.

No Red Tape

The idea was to transfer boys *and* girls from the 70 and 100 per cent. towns to the 1 and 2 per cent. *And it should be firmly realised, of course, that the scheme could never be more than a mere palliative for the widespread deadly blight of juvenile employment; that all it could do was not to create more jobs for workless youth, but merely to level out the density of the various unemployment levels.* Within that given limit to the scope of their endeavours the promoters of the scheme set to work.

How has it been done? In the first place. although rules and regulations were laid down to the officials working the scheme, "official" methods have gone by the board.

First of all, jobs were found by direct canvass of all employers in the prosperous areas by the men directing the scheme. Rotary associations, boys' clubs, local committees and scores of voluntary workers were pressed in to assist.

The job found had to satisfy certain basic rules: it had to offer promise of progressive employment, the wages paid must not be less than those usually paid for the job in question, and they had to be sufficient for the boy or girl to keep themselves in lodgings in the area where they worked.

Take the case of the boy "emigrant." His parents have to be willing for him to go away from home and the boy himself be willing. Those points settled, the boy is sent a railway warrant and met at his destination by a Ministry official, taken to lodgings found for him, and the next day introduced to his employer.

Human Problems

All the difficulties with the boys have been "human" difficulties. Homesickness has been the greatest. To a boy of sixteen there is perhaps not much difference between London and, say, Australia, when it is a question of emigrating from his childhood home in a Durham mining village to a far place among total strangers.

Endless trouble has been taken by the officials to combat this, which represents almost the only "wastage" in the emigration scheme. Sometimes they try again and again.

One boy placed with a doctor in Kent was homesick and returned home to Wales. Later the doctor re-engaged him and paid his fare back. But the lad was again homesick, could not overcome it, and returned once more to Wales.

His Whitehall godfathers, however, would not be beaten. They got a job for his brother in a hotel in Cornwall, and then got him there, too, where they are now both happy and settled.

The fundamental decency of the average British working man has also helped the officials in solving the problem of those unhappy young migrants.

When a party of boys from the North arrived at a large London gramophone works just before last Christmas the workmen approached the manager and arranged a "whip round" to provide a small fund so that they would have a full week's lodging money in hand on their first pay day and to help them over Christmas when the works were closed. Some of the workmen, too, invited the boys to have Christmas with them, and had them to tea at week-ends.

From the very outset of the scheme accommodation for the boys has been a real problem. Homesickness and other difficulties are directly related to it.

In one London area four boys arrived, each from different parts of the country, to work in the engineering shops of a food-packing company. The standard wages paid were 21s., but not a landlady in the district would take growing boys for less than 25s.

But haggling with landladies is a part of the job which these very unofficial Whitehall officials cheerfully undertake. They got the landladies down "two bob," and then got the employer to stretch a point and give the boys who had come from far-away homes a few shillings more than the local boys.

Sometimes the officials take a chance. Some anxiety was felt for six boys who came from the North to a cabinet-making factory because it was not entirely clear that they could support themselves on the wages offered in view of the high cost of lodgings in the locality.

In a week or two, however, the boys' wages rose 50 per cent., and they are now easily able to support themselves and use a Savings Bank account. That is a tribute to the quality of the boys who have come from the devastated areas.

Boy who Fainted

In their efforts to reconcile wages with cost of lodgings, the men behind the scheme are helped with money remaining from the famous Lord Mayor's Fund in 1928. It will be recalled that, following an appeal by the Prince of Wales, the Mayors of Cardiff, Newcastle and London raised a £2,000,000 fund to help the unemployed in the derelict areas.

Some of that money, the little that is left, is used to help these migrant boys when lodgings are too dear for wages. The officials go to the employer and say, "If you will pay, say, three shillings more, we will cover that with three shillings from our fund."

The money is used in other ways also. Occasionally there arrives a boy whose courage and willingness to work are greater than the strength of his small body, sapped by years of undernourishment. When that

SOMETHING NEW in books — 50 masterpieces by 50 world-famous authors —a thrilling library of fiction all in *one volume*—yours for your holidays if you act at once. See JOHN BULL's great holiday Surprise in the Supplement.

the LOST HOPE TOWNS

. . . . *they have been found new trades at the most important times of their live."*

The Great PILGRIMAGE that has saved 20,000 Young Lives

happens the money is used to feed him up and recondition him before he goes back to the job.

One diminutive lad from County Durham was found a job in a Coventry metal foundry. The work was light, but it was noticed that he used to falter at it. To the foreman's enquiry he would answer furiously and defiantly, "Ah'm all reet. On'y a bit of a headache. An' the job's all reet. Why, me feyther's an iron moulder. This place is like home to me."

One day he fainted. When he came to, he fought off with angry tears the workmen bending over him, threshing about him with puny, bony fists and arms. He was examined. The "headache" was heart trouble brought on by malnutrition, which had escaped his first examination and had developed after he had started his job.

The Whitehall men had him sent away for treatment, and had the groggy heart cleared up with rest and food. After that they got him a job on the Wiltshire downland at a racing stable, where he now is a happy, healthy young being.

The fund money is also used to help the boys out with clothes. Some of the emigrants arrive at their jobs with the single threadbare, patch-worked suit which is all they have possessed for years. It buys tools for the boys who go into craftsmen's jobs. It pays for evening class fees and sports club fees. "Our widow's cruse," it is called by the Montagu House official who directs the emigration scheme.

But accommodation versus wages still remains the crux of the problem, hampering and limiting the extent and scope of the scheme.

The ideal is hostels where the boys can live and where communal activities can be arranged for them after working hours to help them over homesickness.

There are a few in London, such as Pelham House, Wingfield House and St. Andrew's Home, where the boys are taken in and cared for. But few in the rest of the country, and not nearly enough to go round. Failing that, voluntary workers, the juvenile committees and Toc H have been pressed into service to help. They visit the boys in lodgings, take them out and arrange sports and parties for them over the week-ends.

Because of this problem, a large proportion of the jobs found for the young emigrants are "living-in" jobs.

Nearly every large London hotel, club and institution has now been persuaded into giving employment to some of these lads from Lost Hope towns. They are in college quarters at the big Universities like Oxford and Cambridge, and in countless seaside hotels and the provincial stores which still have "living-in" hostels for their staffs.

Most of the boys are trained as waiters, chefs, pages and porters.

"Wastage" through homesickness in the "living-in" posts is very rare. Dissatisfaction with the work is almost negligible. The reverse is the usual thing.

One boy from Bishop Auckland wrote home from the London hotel where he is employed to say that he is making 30s. a week in tips. Another boy at a Cornwall hotel made £20 in three months, and sent money regularly to the workless home in the South Wales pithead village which he left a year ago.

They Made Good

In the room of the man at Montagu House who is behind this youth migration scheme there is a voluminous dossier, simply inscribed, "Points of Interest." It contains the record of the progress of the first 20,000 of these young lives saved from waste and ruin, and the record of what their employers think of them. It ought to be published in letters of gold.

To quote a few from the thousands of extracts.

Three boys placed in a Woolwich works four years ago have passed inter. B.A. examinations at London University. One of them is an assistant machine shop manager. All started as boy labourers and came from Cumberland mining villages.

A boy from South Shields, employed with a firm of nurserymen in Surrey, was so satisfactory that his wages were increased from 21s. to 35s. in three months. A boy from Aberdare, at a Birmingham metal works, got entire charge of an important process in a year. He asked for and got his father a job at the works, and now the whole family are together. The father had not previously worked for three years.

"Boss" Writes Home

And listen to what the employers think: The manageress of a Devon hotel, referring to a pit lad from Durham, said: "We cannot speak too highly of his conduct and workmanlike qualities. We only hope that the compliments he gets will not make him lose his head. He should go far in this hotel business." An engineer in Birmingham wrote to the official concerned, "If you have two more lads like the one you sent me, send them along also. I can place another half-dozen in other works."

The "Points of Interest" dossier is a record, too, of the friendliness, good will and human kindnesses shown by many employers.

One boy lost his father and was very anxious to return home to the North for the funeral. The firm gave him £5 to cover the cost of his return fare, and so on. A Midlands engineering firm gives the boys extra money at August holidays so that they can return home to their families. The head of another firm writes regular letters to the boys' parents, informing them of their sons' progress, and how they are getting on in their domestic life.

The young emigrants have found jobs and new lives in more than 160 towns and districts in this country. The jobs are of endless variety, ranging from such delicate tasks as scientific instrument making to heavy foundry work. They have all one thing in common, however. They must all offer as much permanency as is possible. At the very least, they must be able to tide the boys over from sixteen to twenty, their most important years.

This month 250,000 boys and girls will leave school for ever, to face—what?

The officials are now planning further extensions to the scheme so that it may be in a position to meet further demands which may shortly be made upon it.

There are, of course, obvious objections to the migration scheme. Such objections have been rightly voiced by many local authorities who have said in effect, "Why should we import boys from other districts while we have a single unemployed boy of our own?" Perhaps there are degrees in hopelessness, however, and those 20,000 young lives have been saved from the very worst.

DAWN DISASTER

IT was early morning. The slamming of the front door of a Lancashire home told the housewife that her son had left for work and that she, too, must soon be up to dress the children.

But just as she was preparing to get up, another sound—a more ominous one—reached her ears. She rushed downstairs to find the kitchen ablaze.

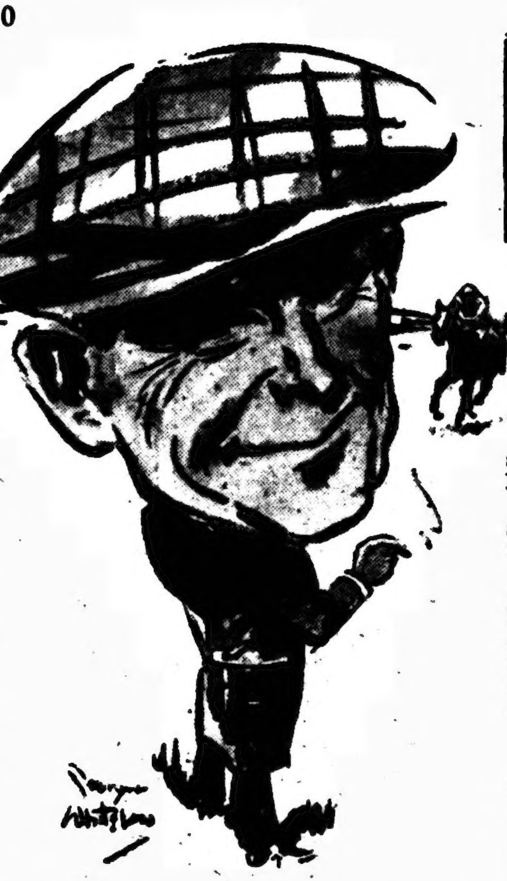
The work of rescuing a big family of children would have been far too much for one woman, but fortunately the hour produced the man in the shape of a 'bus driver who was waiting outside for his early-morning tram.

Time and again he rushed upstairs to bring down children. And when the last child was brought to safety the back half of the house was totally impassable.

He saved the family—which was the thing that really mattered. But we, too, were privileged to be of help. We paid for the damage to their household goods, because they had signed a coupon which you may sign now on page 2.

Your Big Chance is Here—Take It!

An Open Letter to STEVE DONOGHUE



DEAR "STEVE,"—Little man, you've had a busy life.

And in the last few days you have been busy in a manner most unusual to you—giving newspaper interviews to deny the report that you intend to surrender your licence as a jockey at the close of this flat-racing season.

As you dislike interviewers as much as you do the critics who ride races on the grandstand, the fact that you have been so freely declaiming to them is itself evidence of the sincerity of your statement that you intend to go on being a jockey.

You have even been so angry as to show loss of temper with those who dared to suggest that your career as a rider is about to end—a rare occurrence, indeed, for you, who can even take an obviously wrong verdict from the race judge with a smile and a shoulder-shrug.

You say that you will retire from the saddle only when you have ridden another Derby winner. As if your record of six Derby triumphs is not enough!

Anyhow, you must have made that statement with your tongue bulging your cheek. It is just as absurd as the promise of the income-tax defaulter to the City of London magistrate the other day that he would pay up his arrears when you rode Colombo to victory in the next St. Leger.

* * *

Every punter in the land, by the way, does hope that Lord Glanely, now that he has parted company with his Australian-French jockey who failed in the Derby, will give you Colombo for your mount in the St. Leger.

Whatever your horse or your luck in the Doncaster classic, however, I counsel you to reconsider your decision about retiring and to make it the last great race of your career. It would be impertinent and cruel to suggest you should do so if it meant that you would be deprived of a livelihood or that the Turf would lose your services. But the reverse would actually be the case.

Your future would be richer, and racing and the thoroughbred industry would find in you a new and still worthier asset.

Your friend and patron, Sir Victor Sassoon, has offered to set you up as a trainer at Newmarket. For a reason which you do not give, but which is obviously the glamour of the silk, you prefer not to accept.

Come on, Steve. Think again.

In seven weeks you will be fifty years of age. How much longer do you expect you will retain the nerve and vitality which have served you so well since boyhood, when you played truant from school in Warrington and went to Chester races to offer yourself as a pupil to the great John Porter?

To-day, it is true, you are riding well. And the British public, unfortunately, is largely unaware that you rode what was possibly the most marvellous and daring race in all your remarkable career when only a week or two ago, at Longchamps, Paris, you piloted Admiral Drake, which had been last in the Epsom Derby, to a clear-cut victory in the Grand Prix, the richest classic race in Europe.

Everyone knows that you won. It is the manner of your winning that the British public should know. At the bend into the straight there was not room for a cat to come through on the rails. The French onlookers were aghast, expecting almost inevitable tragedy to follow your daring.

Yet you went through to win. No wonder M. Lebrun, the French President, was heard to exclaim: "Call this Englishman a jockey? He's a wizard!"

Complete though your fearlessness, confidence and ability still are to-day, you cannot expect to possess them when you pass into your fifties.

No one knows better than you what can happen on the Turf when the tide does turn. Cast your mind back only six years when terrible adversity came to you—when you rode 108 losers in succession. Then you spared no pity on yourself, but you were tormented by the loss to the mass of small back who tried loyally to fol you. In that terrible t anyone who began back you with sixpence, doubling the stake until brought in a winner, wo have used up all the c and banknotes in the world before had gone half-way!

By your decision to continue in th saddle you may be inviting the gods frown on you again.

Your refusal to seize the opportun to become a trainer is truly amazin Fashionable owners would soon fill yo stables with their young horses. Fo as a horseman, as distinct from a jocke and a tutor of baby thoroughbreds, yo are still supreme.

* * *

The ruination of infant horses on th racecourse and training grounds to-da is becoming appalling. What better se vice could you render the sport and th breeding industry than by helping to pu that right?

Moreover, the Turf in Britain is no in grave danger of soon being unable t exploit all its resources, because a fu new generation of capable young jocke is not forthcoming.

It is this fact alone which is keepin you and those other fine horsemen, Jo Childs, Bernard Carslake and Fred Fo —your combined ages total 197 years— still in the forefront.

Think of the success you would achie and the good you could do for racin as a trainer by the number of skille apprentices whom you could produ to maintain the Donoghue standard o riding on our racecourses.

Sir Victor Sassoon may not find it po sible to repeat his offer. Your big chan is here. Take it, Steve!

JOHN BULL

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Lord LONDONDERRY,
Secretary for Air

MY LORD,—"Unless young men and women are willing to take an intelligent interest in world affairs, the old mistakes will repeat themselves," you declare.

Well, the old mistakes are already repeating themselves. But you can't blame youth for that.

It was not youth that persuaded the Government to retain aerial warfare, or to increase armaments, or to commit any other of the recent dangerous follies.

In other words—don't talk nonsense.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. H. WEBBE,
Leader of Opposition, L.C.C.

DEAR SIR,—Your attack on the proposal to allow competitive games in the parks on Sunday looks to me like opposition at all costs.

For while favouring Sunday games, you say you are against anything in the nature of organised Sunday games.

Organisation in sport prevents malpractice and hooliganism—and we want to avoid these things as much on Sunday as any other day.

JOHN BULL.

FRANK HINMAN,
Hastings

SCOUNDREL,—Because a girl had refused your advances, you tried to ruin her by accusing her of theft.

And for three days three of the five local detectives wasted their time on the charge before you admitted that you had made it to spite her.

Three months in the second division is too lenient for so despicable an offence. I should have given you hard labour.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. Dr. ROBERT WARREN,
Bishopswood, Herefordshire

DEAR SIR,—You are not only a parson, but a doctor of science and a doctor of medicine; yet the county education committee think you incapable of educating your child.

It actually summoned you for not sending him to school, but I'm glad the magistrates dismissed the case and granted you costs.

It's only fair that officialdom should sometimes pay for its bad jokes.

JOHN BULL.

ARTHUR HUGHES,
Buckley, Flintshire

MY LAD,—"I haven't the patience to speak to you," exclaimed the magistrate, sending you to prison for twelve months for the theft of jewellery.

I have—but only just. And that because I think it should be recorded that your action in trying to put the blame on a dead friend found to be innocent, is about the meanest thing ever brought to my notice.

JOHN BULL.

Very Rev. C. H. H. COOPER,
Dean of Carlisle

DEAR DEAN,—As you struggle into your gaiters on a broiling morning you feel that no one could do it in a good temper unless he had a sense of humour.

I like you for that, and for your definition of a sense of humour as "a power to laugh at oneself."

Evidently you have found a good tonic for yourself—and it's a tonic to me to hear of a really Cheery Dean.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HENRY CAUTLEY,
Recorder of Sunderland

DEAR SIR HENRY,—I'm glad you reduced David Carden's sentence from twelve weeks to six, but I wish you had made it still less.

This unemployed miner was convicted of neglecting his two children. Under the conditions described, you said, the children were likely to suffer in health, and the crux of the case seemed to be what a man could do with 29s. 3d. "dole."

I think his misfortune was greater than his offence.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor D. CARTWRIGHT,
Walsall

DEAR SIR,—I like a man who hits hard, but a man who hits without cause should be hit himself.

When you alleged that every policeman in the town was disgruntled and discontented you were invited to discuss the matter with the watch committee and the chief constable, but you ignored both letters.

Have the courage of your convictions!

JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Stone, Staffs

DEAR SIRS,—For the hundreds of children in your town there is no playing ground but the streets. Yet there is a large common land used for grazing a few cattle, and part of it could easily be turned into a playing field for the young folk.

This hint, I hope, will be enough.

JOHN BULL.

LORD ROTHERMERE,
Sunningdale, Berkshire

DEAR LORD ROTHERMERE,—I have long respected your deep interest in preserving London's open spaces, though we rarely agree on other matters.

Now they have just opened the park you so generously gave to Southwark in memory of your mother—fourteen acres of country in one of the city's most crowded districts.

I am sure there could be no better memorial.

JOHN BULL.

FREDERICK WHITE,
Byers Green, Co. Durham

WHITE,—Your seven-year-old son, in an emaciated condition and suffering from a disease of the ear, has bee horribly treated at your hands.

An inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. sug gested medical attention for the littl chap, but you ignored this advice, and the boy was left from seven o'clock i the morning until night with the doo of the house locked.

A £5 fine for causing unnecessary suf fering was easy going for you, but it is a cheerful circumstance that the boy wil be removed from the custody of a father who has failed to live up to the name.

JOHN BULL.

OLIVE BRETTELL,
Lawrence Street, Birmingham

OLIVE,—As a tailoress your fingers must be nimble, but you should keep them still while shopping.

In a well-known shop you transferred a 7s. 11d. ticket to a 12s. 11d. frock, and managed to buy the dress at the lower price.

That was ingenious, no doubt, but I hope the fine of £3 will persuade you that it's cheaper to be honest.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. DENVILLE, M.P.: Don't resign because transitional benefit is 2s. lower in Newcastle than across the Tyne. Unemployed have too few friends in Parliament.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. H. W. KNIGHT,
Buckhurst Hill, Essex

DEAR MADAM,—For twenty-three years you have never had a holiday because you wanted to be on hand to take fire calls for your husband, captain of the local fire brigade.

A gold wrist-watch has been presented to you in recognition of your fine work, and your husband, too, has been honoured on the completion of twenty-seven years' service.

Congratulations to you both. And take a holiday now. You deserve it.

JOHN BULL.

SILENT DIVORCE

by A. G. Gardiner

She has every right to expect that the private problem she takes to the divorce court should not make her a public spectacle

MR. JUSTICE GODDARD, speaking at the Manchester Assizes a few days ago, attributed the remarkable increase in actions for divorce to the fact that ewspapers are not now allowed to ort them."

The magnitude of the increase is not question. In the last twenty years number of divorces granted in gland and Wales in the course of a r has quadrupled. In 1913, the year fore the war, it was 557. In 1926 it s 2,622, and two years later it had en to 4,018. In London alone petins for the first three law terms this r number 2,899, which is an increase 611 over the figures of last year.

n seeking for explanations of this narkable development, we must bere of assuming that some sinister ial change is undermining the whole titution of marriage. It is true that late years, and especially since the r. there has been something like a volution in thought on the subject of relationship of the sexes.

The attitude to-day towards that relanship is more frank and realistic than was in Victorian times, and this has cted on the marriage custom. The dern tendency is to regard marriage s as a sacred and indissoluble bond n as a contract whose validity dends on whether in practice it is a sucs or a failure.

◆

t is not long since the divorced person s treated as a social outcast, no tter whether he (or still more she) s the culpable party or not. In the e of the woman who happened to be offender the sentence was ostracism life. She was not seared with the rlet letter as in Puritan New gland, but she bore a stigma which s unforgivable and irremovable.

That is no longer the case, unless the cumstances happen to be gross and graceful, and this more liberal view is doubt responsible for some part of increase in the divorce figures.

But the fact has not shaken the bility of the marriage system. The pularity of marriage shows no tenncy to decline. If anything, the movent is upward, and the fact that in 31—which is the last year for which full figures are available—there were .885 marriages in this country and ly 4.333 divorces should dispose of any suspicion that marriage is discredited or in danger.

It is the basis of the family institution, and, in spite of the assailants, from Plato to Shaw, that institution is likely to remain the foundation of human society so long as human society exists.

There is no need to get alarmed, therefore, about the future of marriage. Moreover, the increase of divorce is explainable by two simple and, as I think, salutary facts.

The first is that it is only since 1922 that this form of domestic relief has been available to the poor. Up to that time divorce was so costly and centralised a process that only the well-to-do could afford it. Now Poor Persons' cases are tried at Assize towns, and this fact accounted for no fewer than 1,785 of the matrimonial causes tried in 1932. Of these 96 per cent. were successful.

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I do not think it would be easy to overestimate the amount of domestic unhappiness in poor households that has been relieved by this extension of the facilities for divorce to those in impoverished circumstances. And it will be observed that these cases represent nearly two-thirds of the increase in divorces which has taken place since 1913.

This should be borne in mind when we come to the second cause of the increase. That cause was referred to by Mr. Justice Goddard. Since the "Secrecy" Act of 1926, divorce actions have not been reported, and Mr. Justice Goddard at Manchester expressed the view that the result had been to increase the number of divorce actions entered. Whether he thought this was a good thing or a bad thing he did not say.

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But a remark attributed to Lord Merivale, a former President of the Divorce Court, suggests that he thinks it is a bad thing. He is stated to have declared that "publicity is one of the greatest deterrents of misconduct." With great respect, I think this view is false. The fear of publicity in the past no doubt prevented people in some cases bringing actions; but I don't believe it ever prevented misconduct.

And in so far as it prevented people bringing actions, "the fear of publicity" had a wholly mischievous effect. It kept those who wished to be separated tethered to each other in mutual misery. And it afflicted most those who were most sensitive and most entitled to relief.

We have only to recall the columns of squalid revelations which used to fill the newspapers when a particularly notorious divorce case was being heard to understand that any decent man or self-respecting woman who had suffered wrong was prepared to endure anything rather than "go through the divorce court."

No public good was served by the washing of this dirty private linen in public. It appealed to the basest appetites and dragged the Press down to the level of the lowest gutter sheet. The respectable newspaper which would willingly have suppressed the tales of chambermaids and of private detectives at keyholes had to pocket its sense of decency or be beaten out of the field by the least reputable of its competitors.

The principle of the silent divorce has been established, and I do not think any responsible element either in the Press or the public would wish the open sewer to be restored. If any public issue arises in the divorce court it is still open to the judge to give it publicity, not by permitting the evidence and cross-examination of witnesses to be reported, but by delivering in public his own judgment on the case. That was done in the recent James case.

But for the rest the silent divorce is right, if it has resulted in more actions being brought that is right, too. For it means that people who are entitled to relief can now get it without all the public humiliations which "going through the divorce court" used to inflict on the innocent.

◆

Nor is the increase in divorce mainly due to the suppression of reports. It is mainly due, as I have indicated, to the fact that poor people who are unhappily married can now get the freedom which was formerly denied to them by the cost and difficulties of the procedure. They can get it in the local Assize Court, and they can get it without their private miseries being served up for the malicious or obscene delight of every tapster and servant girl.

If two people find that they have made a mistake in the most private of all their affairs they ought to be able to put it right without being made a public spectacle.

There are still many monstrous injustices in our divorce law which ought to be abolished. But the reforms to which I have referred are on the right lines. And if they have increased the number of divorces, that need not alarm us about the future of the marriage institution. That will be all the stronger for the removal of the anomalies and scandals of the divorce law.

NOT from the B.B.C.—COUNCILLOR W. F. LONGRIGG'S

Defence of Seaside Censors

THERE are seaside resorts,
So it seems from reports,
Where visitors bathe in the sun
In costumes which lack
lf a front and all back
And end when they've scarcely begun!

ght from Ramsgate to Deal
zen hussies reveal
Their backs in an effort to brown;
t such wanton display,
t me hasten to say,
At Westgate is met with a frown.

 have conquered our qualms
 bare legs and bare arms,
Which are even at Westgate on show;
t though science insists
at the torso exists,
This is something we don't wish to know!

As a member of the Westgate-on-Sea rish Council, I want Westgate to set example of propriety to less enlighted resorts.

At Margate, as I told the Council, there every opportunity to study the male rso; but I was astonished to find that Westgate young people of both sexes about sun-bathing in a manner which can only be described as barefaced—and bare-backed.

In the circumstances, is it surprising that the Council should possess a beach inspector of public morals and private bathing costumes?

At some seaside places decorum is dying by inches. If Tennyson were alive, he might to-day write "The Charge of the Lightly-clad Brigade," with the refrain, "Half an inch, half an inch, half an inch downward"—which is the way bathing costumes are tending.

But, unfortunately, Tennyson has given place to Browning—I mean the cult, not the poet—the result being that brazenness is increasing and brassieres diminishing.

Some critics, I am aware, argue that what is needed is not censors, but sense. They point out that there are laws against indecent behaviour which the police enforce, and suggest that Westgate must be in a bad way if offences of this kind are too numerous for the police alone to deal with them.

Our reply is that what may be good enough for Brighton or Margate is too bad for Westgate. As you know, when a barrister who is not properly gowned appears in court the judge refuses to "see" him, and we fear that too often a similar attitude is taken toward improperly gowned bathers.

We, though, are determined to see them!

Although Britannia rules the waves, we cannot but deplore
The goings-on that she permits around her wave-lapped shore!
And, since in Britain censors can be bought for two a penny,
We've set ourselves the noble task
Of censoring the folk who bask
On ev'ry hand along the sand
And in the sun—if any!

If censor stern, from dawn to dusk, should use an eagle eye
And do his best offences 'gainst decorum to espy;
The costumes worn by bathing nymphs he should discreetly measure,
And though the task might well unnerve,
From duty's path he should not swerve,
But daily lurk and do his work
As if it were a pleasure!

At Westgate we are not content to trust to the police;
It's our desire to know the worst, and so we'll know no peace
Until all visitors have been most carefully inspected!
Yes, we're resolved to comb the beach
Until somewhere, somehow, some breach
Of standard mode or moral code
Is joyfully detected!

Race of a Lifetime

Nation-wide preparations are already being made by British pigeon fanciers in their tens of thousands for the gigantic Pigeon Derby on Saturday, September 1, for £5,000 in cash prizes, plus a magnificent Gold Trophy and a Club Challenge Cup.

All you are asked to do is to compete in your own club or federation race on September 1, first registering your birds with the *Daily Herald* on or before August 13.

Ask your club secretary for registration forms or write direct to the Secretary, Pigeon Derby (Dept. J.), 222-5, Strand, London, W.C.2

"I'M FAIR ROASTED ALIVE"

says **OLD HETHERS**

"—what with this sunshine and running all over the place with my Barley Water. But never mind — my turn's coming, and one glass of my own cooling drink will put me right. You know, I *am* grateful to Robinson's for the way it helps me. No trouble in making Barley Water that way."

TESTED JB

CVS-135

BARLEY WATER

made from

ROBINSON'S

"PATENT" BARLEY

Old Hethers' recipe is on every tin

Ignorant of the real facts, Mr. S. Slater, J.P. (right), makes the speech of welcome to "Miss Edna Murray." On the extreme left, seated, is Mr. H. Elton, who perpetrated the hoax. In the centre are the local King and Queen of Carnival, whom "Miss Edna Murray" crowned

CARNIVAL QUEEN:

Astounding HOAX

"Miss Edna Murray, the great English film star for whom Hollywood was yearning."

T was "the day" of the year in Ripley — that small, attractive town with its houses climbing the hills of South Derbyshire.

Elsewhere in Britain all manner of important events were happen- but not one of them was a matter moment to the people of Ripley on t day of days.

or Ripley was holding its Great pital Carnival; a day of high enter- ment and amusement, attracting tors from all the surrounding country ricts and from Derby and Notting- n as well.

nd when Ripley makes carnival it is nival indeed!

o fewer than fifteen thousand people e gathered in the carnival field for opening ceremony. So great was the course that the local police had diffi- y in keeping the roads clear.

here was a special reason for all this excitement. A world-famous film star and actress was to come to Ripley to crown the Carnival's King and Queen. That fact had been prominently announced in the local Press and through the medium of a big advertising campaign, and had created widespread interest in the locality.

When the original arrangements for the Carnival were made the organisers had hoped to induce that renowned artist, Miss Gracie Fields, to visit Ripley for the "coronation." A deputation actually went to lay the formal invitation before Miss Fields while she was working on film production at Blackpool.

Unfortunately, Miss Gracie Fields could not accept. Much as she would have liked to have helped the cause in aid of four different Midland hospitals, her engagements would not permit her to do so. Consequently, at somewhat short notice, another stage and screen personality had to be secured.

Then Miss Judy Kelly, the "new find" of the Twickenham Film Studios, promised to attend for the opening of the Carnival, but, prevented from carrying out the engagement, telegraphed her apologies.

Finally, another actress, in the person of Miss Edna Murray, came specially from London to Ripley to deputise for Miss Kelly and to do all that was necessary.

She arrived in the town by motor-car, and, with a tremendous reception from the waiting crowds, was met by Mr. Roy Fox, the dance-band conductor and broadcaster, who was also giving the support of his presence to the hospitals. Together the actress and Mr. Fox went to the carnival field, well escorted by local dignitaries and with a police patrol to cleave a course through the cheering and excited spectators.

Truly a splendid moment for Miss Edna Murray.

This is what the Derby, Nottingham and local papers said about her appearance:

"Two distinguished visitors to the Carnival were Mr. Roy Fox, of dance-band fame, who is now on a provincial tour, and Miss Edna Murray, the film star, who played the principal boy in Roy Brown's pantomime production, 'Jack and the Beanstalk.'"

"Last week Miss Murray signed a contract to go to Hollywood, where she is to play a leading part in two pictures."

"Their 'majesties' (the Carnival King and Queen) were crowned by Miss Edna Murray, the film star, who has been invited to go to Hollywood to appear in a series of pantomime productions."

Small wonder that the good people of Ripley accepted Miss Edna Murray on her publicity valuation as an eminent stage and screen favourite.

They swarmed around her, begging that she would be kind enough to sign her autograph, which she did by the hundred.

On the central platform she was seated—as a kind of super-Queen of Carnival—to carry out the coronation.

A speech was made in her honour by Mr. S. Slater, J.P., the Chairman of the local Council, who, of course, had no knowledge of the true circumstances.

HEARTY WELCOME

"I have the honour and the pleasure," Mr. Slater declared, "to welcome to Ripley Carnival a well-known film star in Miss Edna Murray.

"Speaking on behalf of the citizens of Greater Ripley, I give Miss Murray a most hearty welcome. I can assure her we are all very grateful for the generosity of purpose that has brought her amongst us, not only to crown our King and Queen, but also to help the worthy cause of our hospitals and local charities.

"No effort can be more worthy, and Miss Murray's presence here this afternoon will not only make for its success but also endear her in the hearts of the film-loving people of the district."

Graciously, just after this, Miss Murray made a little speech in reply. She said how delighted she was to come to Ripley, and added, "I thank you for your welcome and hope that the effort you have made will be crowned with success."

Then, as one newspaper described it, "with simple ceremony Miss Murray proceeded to crown Ripley's second King and Queen of Carnival."

Later a bouquet and a lavish box of chocolates were presented with great ceremony to Miss Edna Murray, the great English film star for whom Hollywood was yearning.

It is our duty to reveal, particularly as this greatly patronised affair was held in aid of local hospitals and charities, that *the whole business of Miss Edna Murray—her stage and film experiences and her Hollywood contracts—was a disgraceful hoax.*

It was the most gigantic, and perhaps the most unkind, public deception ever played in such surroundings.

Magistrates, county councillors, municipal and police officials, the fifteen thousand spectators, and even Mr. Roy Fox, were openly "spoofed."

STAR FOR A DAY

Let us tell the "inside" story.

When the approach to Miss Gracie Fields had proved unsuccessful, the organisers of the Carnival asked Mr. H. Elton, who is the managing director of Midland Empire Theatres, Ltd., a local kinema company, to find them a film favourite of renown to crown the Carnival King and Queen.

He agreed to do this, and, as a result, Miss Judy Kelly was "billed." When it was discovered that this lady could not appear, a quandary faced Mr. Elton. It was far too late to find a notable substitute. What should he do in the circumstances? He was too much a showman to admit—as he should have done—that he could not find a kinema star to grace the Carnival.

So he conceived and carried out the following plan.

He was acquainted with a girl named Edna Hallot, who, with her very pretty face and attractive figure, might, if suitably attired, conceivably fulfil the engagement as efficiently as any theatrical or film star. So he plucked Edna Hallot from the daily round of her work, had her dressed and appropriately made up, and whirled her off by motor-car to Ripley.

On the journey she was intimately schooled in the job she was to undertake. By the time she reached the Carnival the identity of "Edna Murray" was born, and the details of her supposed stage and film career richly concocted.

Miss Hallot played her part well; but the people of Ripley, who attended this fête to help the sacred cause of charity, were hopelessly imposed upon.

For Edna Hallot, who became "Edna Murray" for this one day only, is really a dressmaker in a very small way, and carries out her work in the front parlour of her parents' cottage on the outskirts of Nottingham.

TOWN SPOOFED

There is no real-life Edna Murray at all; and Edna Hallot's only acquaintance with the theatre and kinema comes from having at one time acted as an attendant at one of them, showing ticket-holders to their seats!

Back in Nottingham, after the carnival, "Edna Murray" became just plain Edna Hallot again, resuming her home dressmaking duties. Her glorious hours of publicity, and of receiving civic homage, were over.

And now, through the investigation of information obtained exclusively by JOHN BULL, the true story of her public "debut" is made public, as we think it should be.

Without any question, the people of Ripley, Derby and Nottingham—and more particularly those who went to such pains to be gracious to the so-called famous "film-star" visitor—have real cause for indignation. They have been the unwitting subjects of a tremendous piece of spoof.

Ripley has reason to be disgusted and sore.

You Must Hurry!

There is not a moment to lose to secure the wonderful *Universal Home Lawyer* which JOHN BULL is offering FREE to every reader to celebrate its twenty-eighth birthday.

Remember, JOHN BULL not only offers a copy free for yourself, but one free for your friend as well.

If you and your friend have not already accepted this great offer, you just have time in which to do so, but you must act immediately by filling in the forms which appeared in the July 7 issue of JOHN BULL and posting them so as to arrive not later than Saturday, July 21.

The *Universal Home Lawyer* is a work that is essential to every man and woman in the land. It contains the key to every law. There is not an individual who is not vitally affected by its authentic information. Make use of those forms right away. Remember—only two more days!

Judge these opinions of Woodpecker and win a Silver Tankard

A "I drink Woodpecker Cider because I like it, but also because I have discovered that it helps to keep me slim. Prior to acquiring the daily Woodpecker Cider habit I had to frequently reduce weight by dieting—now it is unnecessary!" (M.T.)

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Mr. E. Bulmer has selected these ten letters from thousands received recently as being particularly good testimonials to the excellence of Woodpecker Cider. He has placed them in order of merit and deposited his list with the Editor of the "Daily Herald." Decide which, in your opinion, is the order of merit, then fill in the entry form below, using the letters next the testimonials to indicate the testimonial selected. Fill in your name and address in block letters and post to H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Cider Makers, Hereford, so as to reach us not later than July 31. To the first 50 replies opened which give the order of merit coinciding with Mr. Bulmer's opinion he will award a solid silver cider tankard. No correspondence can be entered into, and the result published in "John Bull" on August 11 must be considered final.

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Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A Scoundrel wants 1,000,000 Pennies

—for a SCANDALOUS HAVEN of REST

"Take care of the pennies . . ." is obviously a maxim of Kimber's. But take care they're not your pennies!

Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs. He warns you to beware of a very plausible young man

A WIDESPREAD appeal to the charitably-minded is being launched by a young man calling himself Geoffrey Dowling-Kimber, who, it would seem, is determined assist the under-dog.

His main idea is to open a hostel in terloo Road, London, or elsewhere, the after-care of young men under enty-one years of age, who, having nd employment through other encies, are in urgent need of cheap ng accommodation.

n discussing his plans recently, offrey Dowling-Kimber mentioned te casually that he was putting up 000 of his own money for the scheme, influential friends were giving him ancial support.

One of his brilliant ideas for attract- money is the organisation of a arity Ball at one of London's most lusive hotels.

have learnt that he is also arranging midnight theatre show at which ctically all of the well-known stars the theatrical profession will appear.

t the moment, of course, these ideas very much in the air, but that does prevent Dowling-Kimber from talk- as if they were accomplished facts.

Real—and false

nother of his schemes is to start a llion pennies fund which will bring £20,000. It seems to me, in fact, that re is no limit to this young man's husiasm.

e boasts that well-known people will e liberally to establish his hostel en they are informed that beds in establishment will be named after em.

During the past few weeks Kimber been particularly busy. As a pre- inary to his main campaign he got touch with the vicar of a church in stminster Bridge Road, who actually s conduct hostels for the poor and edy: hostels which are well-appre- ted havens of rest for those who are meless and friendless. Dowling- mber first approached the reverend ntleman and introduced himself as a rnalist. Casually, he mentioned t he was earning from £700 to £800 year.

He explained that he was deeply in- ested in social problems, and that would be glad of an opportunity to sist in the work of the vicar's hostel.

The vicar was impressed by his en- usiasm and allowed him to do a little rical work at a night shelter.

A few days later, in conversation th the vicar, Dowling-Kimber out- ed his scheme for an after-care hostel in Waterloo Road. He explained that the premises he had in mind belonged to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and he had managed to secure an option on them for twelve months.

Everything, according to Dowling-Kimber, was running quite smoothly, and his new hostel was to have been opened early in June, but nothing happened. The opening date was postponed to June 24, but again the ceremony did not materialise, neither did the hostel.

Meanwhile, Dowling-Kimber was still enthusiastic. There was still no hostel, but he had plenty of ideas. At first he had spoken of £800 as sufficient to get his scheme going. Later he mentioned the sum of £2,000, and later still he appears to have set his mind on £20,000 as being a desirable figure.

My readers will not be surprised to learn that by this time the vicar became suspicious of this young man and his plans for a new hostel.

Then came swift developments, for the vicar received information that Dowling-Kimber had been collecting money in various parts of London by the clever use of the name of the vicar's hostel.

The result was that this impudent and unscrupulous young social reform enthusiast had a very warm interview with the clerical gentleman, who warned him off the premises.

"I last saw him running off down the Westminster Bridge Road as if in fear of pursuit," said the vicar, describing this incident.

Pompous boasts

This incident, however, has not prevented Dowling-Kimber from proceeding with his scheme of attempting to obtain money from the unsuspecting.

To a recent caller he enthused about the hostel he intended to establish, and the need to provide suitable board and lodging for poor and friendless young men in London.

"There is plenty of money in London and it is easy to get," he said, and from what we know of this young man he will manage to obtain some of it unless the generous-hearted public is warned in time.

Investigations made by one of my representatives show that Dowling-Kimber, who talks so easily of thousands of pounds, is an unscrupulous trickster.

He is living at present in a small bedroom in a working-class street in Lambeth. A visitor sits on the solitary chair in this room while Dowling-Kimber reclines gracefully on the bed.

This is the setting for this young man who talks glibly of big money, and speaks of Royalty as if they were his personal friends. In spite of his obvious poverty he converses confidently about his proposed Charity Ball at a prominent hotel which is patronised by visiting Royalty.

The time has arrived for me to strip this young man of his bluff and bravado.

Geoffrey Dowling-Kimber—or, as he was then known, just plain Mr. Geoffrey Kimber—was some time ago behind a most impudent scheme which had for its chief purpose the publication of a new periodical called *Modern Youth*.

In this instance Kimber was obtaining substantial sums of money from young men who were promised editorial positions on the new journal.

The publication date of *Modern Youth* was postponed from time to time, and, in fact, never saw the light of day.

It fizzled out

Imposing offices were rented in Trafalgar Square, and prominent people with titles roped in and advertised as contributors to the new journalistic venture.

But *Modern Youth* fizzled out most dismally. The young men who had invested money were left high and dry, and salaries were unpaid. Kimber disappeared for the time being, and for some months was the subject of police enquiry.

Eventually he appeared in the dock at Old Bailey and was sent to prison for eighteen months.

Since his release from prison Kimber is reported to have lived for a time in Paris, but now he is very active again in London—scheming, planning and using his wits as usual.

His latest idea is to appeal to the hearts and the pockets of those interested in social problems.

His sudden concern and thought for the after-care of youths who need cheap living accommodation is a pretence. By this means there can be no doubt that Kimber hopes to play on the sympathies of people of wealth and influence.

The story that he had obtained a twelve months' option on premises in Waterloo Road is arrant nonsense.

All he did in this connection was to make an enquiry about the rent of the premises He neither asked for nor was he given an option of any kind.

His schemes for the Charity Ball and the midnight theatre show are just so much nonsense.

Kimber has been always full of ideas of the most flamboyant type, and always he has wanted other people's money to put them into operation!

That this plausible fellow should attempt to launch his latest scheme from a small and dismal back bedroom in Lambeth, without having even an office address is typical of his audacity.

Geoffrey Kimber boasts that he is making a comfortable income from his literary work.

For this reason I suggest that he forthwith abandons his attempts to obtain financial support for his unwanted hostel scheme.

The Human Machine

Worry is Waste!

YOU should learn to practise economy in your mental expenditure. It is as valuable an art in self-management as it is in the management of a household.

But if you are going to practise it you must be very clear what it is. There is scarcely any other word in the language which has been so much abused and misused. Not one person in a hundred has any real idea of its true meaning.

It means neither miserliness nor parsimony. It means efficient management, wise expenditure, expenditure to the best advantage. The real meaning of economy is active—not the merely negative one of saving.

That is why a famous man once remarked that "Prudence, frugality and economy are excellent artistes for mending bad times; they require neither superior courage nor eminent virtue, but are satisfied with ordinary energy."

This is all very well when it has to do with money. What has it got to do with brains? Well, there's not much difference. An income is an income, whether it's coinage or energy. At any given moment we have a certain amount of energy. We can spend it wisely or we can waste it.

Vain regrets, restlessness, anger, trying to carry our work into our play and our play into our work, allowing petty and insignificant things to irritate us—all such things are the very reverse of mental economy. Real mental economy means expending energy to achieve some aim we have in view, to bring us nearer some goal we have set ourselves to attain.

The man who gets it firmly into his head that "Worry is waste" is the man who is going to practise mental economy almost without knowing it!

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Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 8½d. each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/- line for 8½d. pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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"The Firm That Never Lets You Down."

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MISCELLANEOUS

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EVERY Man is invited to accept a sample bottle of Harlene Hair Cream free. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 29.

GOOD health depends on your physique. Turn to the Strongfort advt. on p. 37 and get particulars of a special offer.

A FREE Razor Blade to every reader. Fill in the coupon in the STEAD advt. on p. 20 and you will receive by return a sample "STEAD BLADE" in a "STEAD" WALLET. These famous blades are sold everywhere at 7 for 6d.

WRITE to Dept. 67/72, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a week's supply of EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE as offered in the advt. on p. 38.

HAVE you ever tried BONDMAN TOBACCO? It is the most dependable and freshest smoke obtainable—rich, cool, mellow and satisfying. Packed in vacuum tins, you receive it as it leaves the factory. See p. 27.

KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES are good for children. They are nourishing and easy to digest. The children will love them and they are only 7½d. a packet. See p. 25.

FREE.—100-page book, "Guide to Dog Management." Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spratts Patent, Ltd., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3. See p. 29.

ENTER the free competition which appears in the BULMER advt. on p. 14. All you have to do is to decide which in your opinion is the order of merit of the 10 testimonials and then fill in your name and address in block letters and post to H. P. Bulmer and Co., Ltd., Dept. C.4, Cider Makers, Hereford, so as to reach them not later than July 31. To the first 50 replies opened which give the order of merit coinciding with Mr. Bulmer's opinion a Solid Silver Cider Tankard will be awarded free. There's no entrance fee and nothing to buy, so enter now and you may secure one of these handsome gifts.

AN excellent cooling drink can be made from ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY. Next time make your Barley Water according to Old Hethers' recipe which appears on every tin of Robinson's "Patent" Barley. See p. 12.

Dying Child Mystery—

TRAGIC SEQUEL TO HOSPITAL VISIT

Stella Rothstein, the dead child

WE are again faced with the unpleasant duty of commenting upon certain events which have taken place at one of our great voluntary hospitals.

The duty is unpleasant because we now of the splendid services rendered t these institutions; and because we ave always recognised the unselfish fforts made by doctors and others who age continual war on suffering and isease.

But we do not shirk the task; and lthough it concerns a great hospital at hich no fewer than 115,000 patients are reated in the course of an average year, e shall not refrain from calling attenion to the results of an enquiry we have een asked to make.

We feel that, when a blunder is made, s occurred in the case of Stella Rothtein, a child of eight years, whose arents reside in humble circumstances f the Mile End Road, London, E., some otice should be drawn to the matter; ll the more so, when the blunder is hat of one of the greatest hospitals in he world.

Strange Infection

And the circumstances under which tella Rothstein died within thirty-six ours of her being refused admission to e London Hospital suggest that certain reforms are urgently required; and ost certainly the hospital authorities ust sift the details, so that those peronally responsible should at least be everely censured.

Stella Rothstein, the little girl who the central figure of this tragic story, as suddenly smitten, whilst out at play, ith pains in her back.

Only a few short weeks before this ateful Sunday evening she had been ischarged from the London Hospital, ured after a bout of pneumonia and undice; but she was now in a fair ate of health.

She was back at school again, a popur golden-haired girl, among her fellow-pupils and the teachers at the Stepney Jewish School.

But this was a new and strange infection which had attacked her, and the private doctor called in by the anxious parents directed that she be put immediately to bed.

Although her condition improved slightly for the moment, by the following day she was much worse. She was feverish, thirsty and faint; and also very sick.

Bedside Vigil

The sickness the child suffered through those anxious days and nights of watching continued right until the hour of her death.

During these days and nights the distracted mother sat by Stella's bedside, hoping in vain that she would cease to vomit; until, on the Wednesday morning, the child got worse, and the private doctor's advice was again sought.

But he was out attending another patient, and then it was that Mrs. Rothstein, securing, with the help of her neighbours, a motor-car, took her child to the London Hospital, where Stella had recently been an in-patient.

After half an hour or so, one of the several doctors attached to this great institution came and looked at her; and there is little doubt but that he failed to diagnose the case. He arranged that Mrs. Rothstein should take the little girl home and bring her back to the hospital to see a specialist the following afternoon at 2.15 p.m.

The parents had no alternative but to take the child home and put her to bed again. It was by this time obvious to them that Stella's condition was serious, although nothing more could be done by the parents. The private doctor who was called in prescribed in an effort to abate the sickness, but without avail.

The fight to save the child's life was continued and, late that evening, the practising doctor gave the mother a letter addressed to the hospital, with the recommendation that the child should be admitted and kept under observation.

Stella Rothstein was carried out and removed in a cab.

First one doctor and then another examined the sick child; but, finally, the decision that she should be brought to see the specialist the next afternoon was adhered to.

Delirious Child

The frantic appeal made by Mrs. Rothstein that her daughter should be admitted was ignored; and it was nearly midnight when the parents left the London Hospital carrying Stella back to bed.

Thursday morning dawned without the examination having been made, and without the real nature of the sickness having been discovered.

Stella Rothstein was now delirious, screaming with pain, and struggling desperately to injure herself; and it was in this condition that she was taken to another voluntary hospital a short distance away.

The change in method now to be observed is significant!

A doctor at this second hospital came down at once, and made a brief examination upon which he ordered the child to be admitted without a moment's delay.

The decision thus reached on the spur of the moment is notable, if only because three individual doctors at the larger hospital had, for reasons best known to themselves, declined to admit the child

The complaint from which she suffered was so far a mystery. The specialist who was to have seen her at 2.15 p.m. might easily have found out what was wrong, but, whilst he was at the London Hospital, Stella Rothstein was unconscious, fighting her last unavailing battle for life.

She died within four days of having been taken ill and death was duly certified. The cause is now found to have been acute encephalitis, otherwise called sleeping sickness.

The certified copy of the certificate also indicates that a post-mortem examination was made; but the results of this are known only to the Registrar-General

The private doctor who attended Stella Rothstein is regretful that the doctors at the London Hospital did not act upon his recommendation that Stella Rothstein should be admitted at once.

Two Shillings . .

Thus it is revealed that a tragedy has occurred which might conceivably have been averted.

It is a very great pity that the specialist had no opportunity of seeing this child, as he might well have done, had the hospital doctor carried out the strong recommendation already made by the private practitioner.

Quite apart from the distressing fact of their child's death, the Rothsteins, normally engaged in the garment-making trade, are now unemployed, and, for some time past, they have depended entirely upon an allowance of 27s. 3d. a week between father, mother and three children.

But now that Stella is dead, even this pitiful portion has been reduced by two shillings.

ENGINEER'S FROZEN FINANCES

THE old adage says that "Fine feathers make fine birds," and at first sight this would appear as very true of the headed noteaper used by T. Cowan, described as a efrigerating and maintenance engineer, hose head offices are at 248, Earl's ourt Road, London, S.W.5.

Theodore Frederick Cowan is his full ame, and he claims to have established ranches at Southampton, Sheffield, ublin, and at 152, New Bridge Street, ewcastle-on-Tyne. He boasts a day nd night service for breakdowns and, n receipt of a telephone message, he ill place an efficient engineer at your isposal

Cowan makes an astonishing offer of mployment to a Bedford reader of JOHN ULL who replied to an advertisement nserted under the cover of a box numer.

Our reader is invited to take charge of he northern headquarters, and to superise a staff of engineers covering the hole of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyhire, Nottinghamshire and Leicesterhire.

The post carries a salary of £5 a week, lus 2½ per cent. on the total turnover, nd all necessary travelling expenses.

The duties are those of installing plants, maintaining and overhauling them; and, in addition, the collection of accounts, the paying of office rentals and other charges.

In cold print the position offered would seem to be all the average job-seeking man whose early years were served in apprenticeship is looking for, but in an interview with Cowan the applicant learned that a cash security amounting to £350 is necessary.

The day after he came to London for an interview, our reader was favoured with a letter. enclosed with which was a draft copy of an agreement, according to which he is promised 6 per cent interest on his money

Cowan offers employment lasting over a period of three years, at the end of which time the £350 is returnable; and it was at this stage in the proceedings that our reader wrote for JOHN BULL's information and advice.

In the light of the facts before us, the request *for a cash security* made by Theodore Cowan is impertinent, to say the least of it.

The demand, were it not made of a man in need of work, would be a joke; for, whatever his abilities as an engineer may be, Cowan's financial position is weak.

Twice in recent years he has faced bankruptcy proceedings, and twice he has been made bankrupt. In fact, he remains undischarged to this day.

On no fewer than thirty-six occasions in the past ten years, pressing creditors have taken action in various county courts against him.

Eight times during this present year, and on one occasion, in two different courts in London on the same day, creditors have secured judgment against him for sums ranging from £10 to £60.

His "headquarters" at 248, Earl's Court Road, London, S.W.5, consist of a barely furnished office, and a flat in which he is reported to live The office he occupied in Newcastle was a single room

From these facts it can be deduced that Mr. Cowan is a gentleman whose advertisements and offers of employment should be wholly disregarded.

THE HAPPIEST HOLIDAY of all will be spent by those who take with them a copy of the HOLIDAY BOOK—JOHN BULL's great holiday surprise Presentation. There's a copy for you—see supplement, and apply at once.

Blackheads! Enlarged Pores!

Watch Them Fall Away

Get a Clear New Skin in 3 days

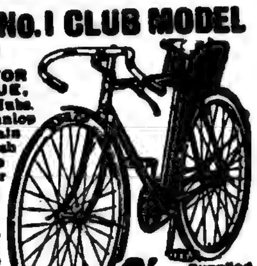
This New Easy Way!

No person need have such ugly blemishes now. This new skin-making discovery in Crème Tokalon Skinfood (White Colour) penetrates, dissolves deep pore dirt and blackheads so that they fall away. It soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores; whitens and beautifies the darkest, roughest skin and gives an indescribable youth-like skin and complexion obtained no other way, in only three days' time! Any good pharmacist will tell you so.

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Frame 21 or 23in. Racing Hubs. quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level grip adjust. Handle bars, Racing Pedals. Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.



6/- NOW

Supplied Maroon, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

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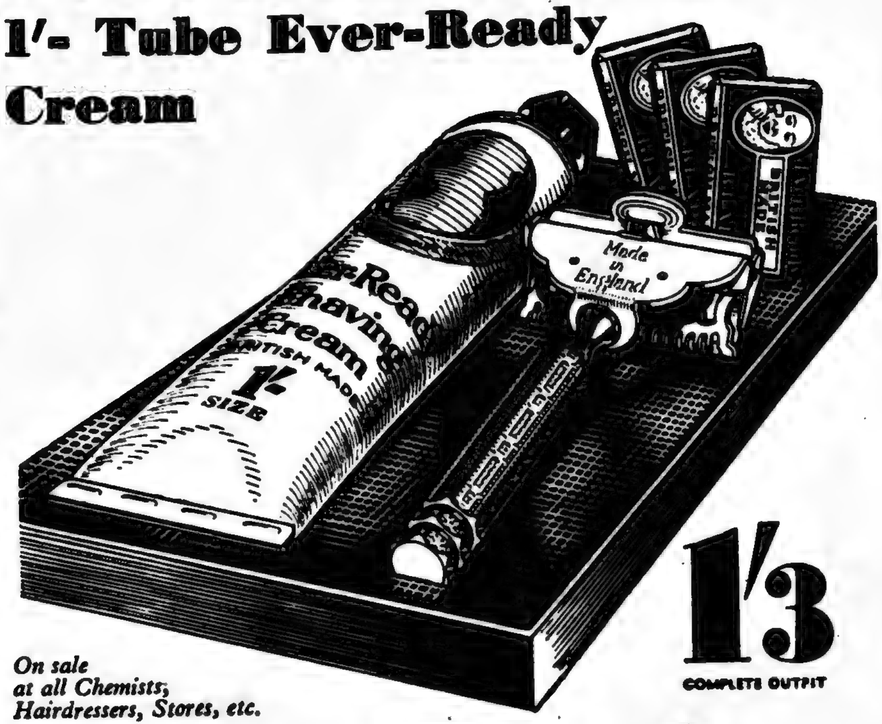
Ever-Ready Razor
3 Ever-Ready Blades
1/- Tube Ever-Ready Cream



1/3 COMPLETE OUTFIT

On sale at all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc.

Ever-Ready

Blades are made from the finest surgical steel and are 1½ times thicker than other Blades

ANNOUNCEMENT OF EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS LTD., 110, CRICKLEWOOD LANE, LONDON, N.W.2

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

GET THE BEST OUT OF SUMMER DAYS BY THE 'ASPRO' METHOD

Thousands of people lose the enjoyment of their week-ends through the presence of minor ailments caused by the quick change of conditions. Sunshine is a mixed blessing to some, especially those who have been cooped up in offices and factories for months. They suffer from sunglare headaches—hot weather sleeplessness, or, maybe, the sudden rheumatic twinges which occur at the seaside. Then again, irritability is very prevalent, caused by the excitement and change in environment. Others suffer from train and sea sickness. Most of these troubles can be avoided if you make a practice of keeping 'ASPRO' with you. It definitely banishes sunglare headaches in a few minutes—it soothes the nerves—banishes irritability—brings sweet peaceful sleep to the sleepless - banishes rheumatic twinges—stops pain—is a great help in cases of sea sickness and is generally a good friend in need. We give positive and definite assurance that 'ASPRO' fulfils the claims we make for it. Furthermore, it harms neither the heart nor the stomach, neither does it create a habit. Just make a point of keeping 'ASPRO' handy—give it a trial.

REMEMBER 'ASPRO' BANISHES HOT-WEATHER SLEEPLESSNESS, HEADACHE and IRRITABILITY, Etc.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
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HAY FEVER
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PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
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'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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Telephone: SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by 'ASPRO' Ltd., Slough, Eng.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

SPEEDY RELIEF FROM HEADACHE & SUNGLARE

Dear Sirs, Johannesburg.

The reason I sent for your 'ASPRO' Tablets was that I had been suffering from a neuralgic headache for about two weeks and had tried almost every remedy, including headache powders, lemon, vinegar, etc., when I saw your advertisement. Upon receipt of your tablets I took two, with a cup of hot tea, and I must say that relief was almost immediate. Later I went out into the sun, whereupon my headache recommenced. I again took two of the tablets and was freed of pain.

I must thank you for your remedy which I will recommend to all my friends, and testify to the speedy relief of the headache from sunstroke from which I was suffering.

I remain, Yours faithfully,
MRS. WRIGHT

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' Tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis and act as a deterrent.

PRICES 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

BRAZEN ROGUE in a NEW RÔLE

INFAMOUS NUDIST as Family Adviser

Mr. W. Potter. "He has entered the lions' den of the law."

THERE is trouble in store for the legal profession.

Offices of solicitors will be more gloomy places than they are normally *if* ——

But it all depends on that very important "IF."

For a new Daniel—according to our information—and one who is greatly daring, has entered the lions' den of the law, and has established an enterprise calculated, in theory, to prove the ruin of many lawyers.

A wonderful idea—*on paper*—a project called The "All-In" Services, with headquarters at 189, Uxbridge Road, Hampton Hill—a suburb of Greater London.

The literature of this strange venture, which has been circulated on a widespread scale, with the object of securing clients, is impressive indeed.

Bargain basement

There is one pamphlet headed "Let Us Right that Wrong," which declares, among others things, that it is common knowledge that at some time or other in their lives everybody has good cause and even necessity to *go to law,* however reluctantly, whether in respect of an accident, assault, a false charge, or, all too frequently, as the result of a miscarriage of justice, libel, slander, and so on.

The pamphlets of The "All-In" Services stress the fact that it often happens that the unhappy victim — whether from lack of funds or knowledge of his legal rights, or being without sufficient funds to prosecute or defend such rights—has to impotently suffer defeat, loss and frequently unwarranted social ostracism.

"There is no longer any need for anyone, rich or poor," we are told, "no matter what their station or occupation in life may be, to neglect their rights—present or future."

For a modest annual contribution The "All-In" Services will give all and sundry free legal advice on any matter, and, where a *bona-fide* case is made out, will set the law in motion to obtain redress without *payment of a single penny.*

Really a kind of bargain basement offer in the law!

Although the fees may be modest, there is no modesty about the claims of The "All-In" Services, which we learn from another document "solves all your Business, Professional, Social and Personal Problems."

The programme is most varied and unique. Trusting members of the public are begged to consult this remarkable bureau on matters of financial investment; domestic difficulties; private enquiries; confidential personal introductions; travel and shipping matters; foreign and colonial transactions—in fact, the office proudly boasts the slogan "Nothing too large—Nothing too small —Nothing too complicated."

No *qualification*

On the surface, the good faith of The "All-in" Services appeared to be open to the gravest suspicion, and the result of our investigations has amply borne out that suspicion.

In the first place, Mr. W. Potter, who is billed as the Principal of The "All-In" Services, has no professional qualification at all to enable him to give legal advice to subscribers. The legal service he could give would not be worth even the annual subscriptions he is so widely appealing for.

Potter has also been advertising for agents to obtain subscribers to his undertaking. These agents are asked to work entirely on commission. Potter supplies them with books of vouchers which they have to sell from door to door.

The vouchers are made up in books of twenty, representing twenty shillings in collections, of which 50 per cent. goes at once to the agent. "As each house represents a potential sixpence, and often more, to you," Potter writes to agents, "it will be readily seen how few successful calls need be made in a day to earn £1, while a really smart agent can easily make much more."

A pretty scheme indeed—for Potter—*for agents have to buy the voucher books from him for cash before they can commence their canvassing!*

No one in his right senses should entertain for a moment this proposition coming from such a person as Mr. Walter Potter, of 189, Uxbridge Road, Hampton Hill, who is a man with a bad record.

Money to burn

Lately he has been endeavouring to secure a partner to invest in his impudent "All-In" scheme, and in that connection he approached a well-known firm of business consultants.

He asked the proprietor of this concern whether he could find him an active or sleeping partner for what he termed his genuine, highly profitable proposition—lady or gentleman.

Either in or out employment would be provided if desired, he confided, at a good salary, and he would pay over in addition a share of the profits and provide board-residence in his charming house with grounds

The firm of consultants told Potter promptly that the proposition was not one to which they would care to recommend any clients, and suggested that as Potter purported to be able to solve business problems the difficulty of finding a partner with money to burn should not be too complicated for him to handle himself!

Despite this rebuff, Potter is persisting in his efforts to secure investments and we have many reasons for stating that it would be the limit of foolishness to entrust any money to him.

Outrageous methods

In various guises Potter has lived by his wits for years.

During recent years Potter has been a professional nudist, and was the promoter of a society which he called "The International Sun-Bathing and Back to Nature Movement." He has conducted nudist colonies for profit in various parts of the country.

His present headquarters—a large detached house in an untidy garden at Hampton Hill—is also the centre of unpleasant nudist activity.

The outrageous methods of Potter are aptly illustrated in a letter he sent to a perfectly respectable young woman to whom he offered a post as shorthand typist.

"By the way," he wrote, "whenever you come along, if you feel inclined to disrobe—and it seems a pity that such an exceptionally charming member of your sex should not do so, even if only for a little time, if you will not be offended at the compliment—by all means do so without waiting to be invited.

"I do not challenge you to do so, because I know I can trust you, but that does not mean that you are not at liberty to do so or *welcome* to."

That letter shows Potter in his true light as a thoroughly despicable person.

We are not, however, primarily concerned here with his morals or his nasty nudism cults, but rather with his latest venture—The "All-In" Services.

It is, of course, nothing more than a blatant ramp by which he hopes to line his pockets; the new scheme of a man who portends to be the lawyers' enemy.

We hope that it will be completely disregarded by all.

Homely Wisdom—by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Dream of Ease

THIS morning I was doing what doctors tell us is a bad thing to do—bad for digestion, I mean. I was reading the paper while having my breakfast.

The part of its contents which interested me most was a report of a speech by a German statesman, Dr. Goebbels.

It is not often that the rhodomontade of Nazi politicians grips my attention at all, but this speech did, because of a personal confession it contained. Dr. Goebbels said he had long outlived the witching delusion that life could be made one long feast of pleasure and delight, free from strain and conflict, and with nothing to mar its harmonious flow of health and plenty and our capacity for enjoying them. He had become convinced that its very essence was struggle, effort, pain and sacrifice.

Hardly had I scanned this declaration when the door bell rang and a young fellow was shown in. I liked him at sight; there was something frank and straight about him. He could look one in the eye while telling his tale—though some rogues can do that too—and he had a quiet, manly way of speaking.

He told me he was a Scot, and the information tickled me, for his accent proclaimed the fact the moment he opened his mouth. He was a member of an association of university men who had fought in the war and come home disabled to find the door of professional opportunity closed against him. He had lost a limb in fighting his country's battles, and his sight was permanently injured also.

But was he bemoaning his lot? Not a bit of it. As he said with a smile, what is the use of cursing everything and everybody for your bad luck? The practical thing to do is to try to mend it.

He and some of his former fellow-students had learned how to make things with their hands—furniture, baskets, and the like—and to repair mats and rugs. He is busy refurbishing a rather worn door-mat at this moment while I write.

It is good to meet such a youngster—for a youngster he is compared to me, although a war veteran. He was a mere boy when he joined up, and is still in the late thirties.

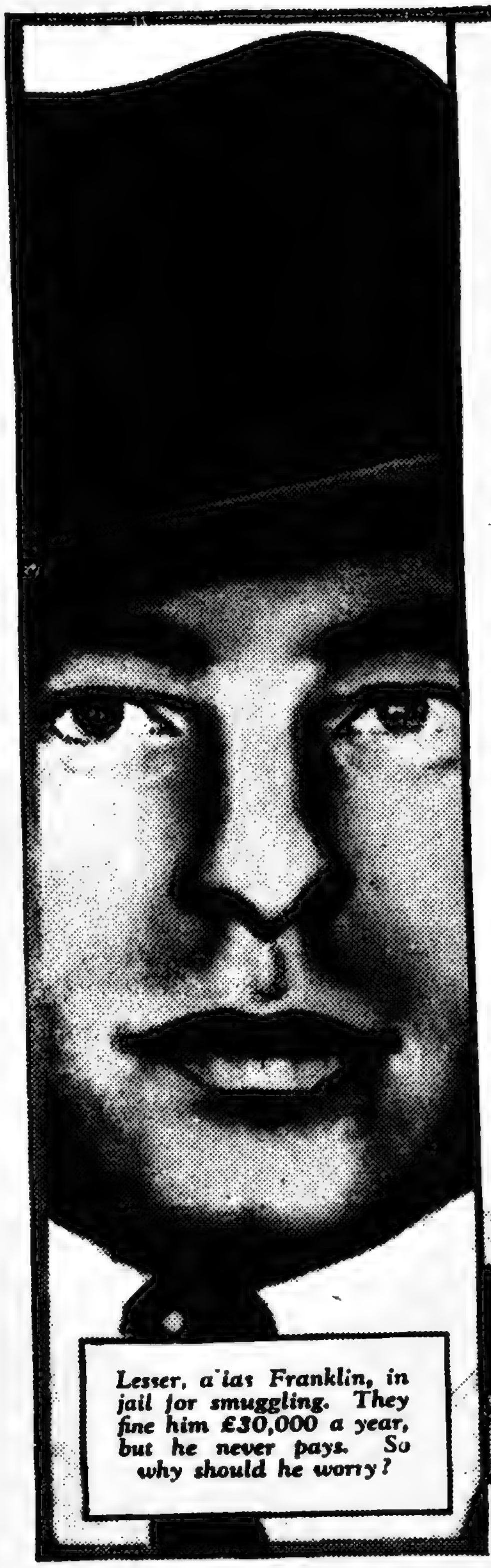
He gets a lot of joy out of life in spite of his handicap; and the lesson that he and his kind can teach the rest of us is not to complain of evil fate, not to be so foolish as to expect to get through life on easy terms, and not to give in when conditions are adverse and prospects anything but bright.

He and Dr. Goebbels together have recalled to my mind the opening verse of a Victorian poem which was meant as a warning against the too common assumption that the path of life could ever be entirely smooth and free from toil and difficulty:

> Does the road wind uphill all the way?
> Yes, to the very end.
> Will the journey take the livelong day?
> From morn till night, my friend.

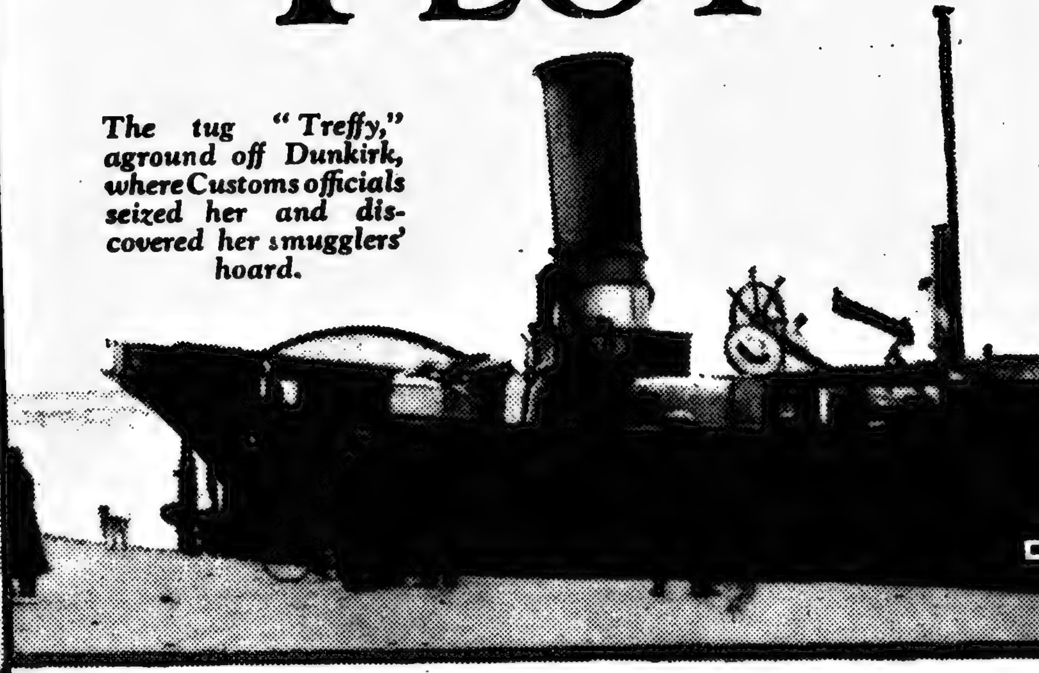
I have never yet met with anyone who really wished to be somebody other than himself; though I have met many who wished to change places with other people, which is a different thing. It should be as unthinkable to want to stand in another man's shoes as to want to be that man.

Changing your circumstances would not relieve you of the burden of effort and responsibility; if it did you would not be the happier. Take hold of life with both hands just as you are and where you are. Mastering its difficulties will yield a rich reward



Lesser, alias Franklin, in jail for smuggling. They fine him £30,000 a year, but he never pays. So why should he worry?

THE GREAT SMUGGLED TOBACCO PLOT



The tug "Treffy," aground off Dunkirk, where Customs officials seized her and discovered her smugglers' hoard.

—and th

FAR out in the midnight darkness of the sea a light winks rapidly. The sound of a motor-car engine, suddenly started, comes faintly across the wind from the marsh road which runs along the estuary. It grows nearer, and presently there is the sound of booted feet on the shingle, the grate of a boat's keel being launched, voices talking quietly, the purr of an outboard engine dying away over the sea. . . .

Later still there is the sound of the boat returning, again the sound of booted feet, now heavily laden, passing and repassing across the shingle. Again the sound of the car engine, now dying away across the land. Then silence flowing back along the estuary.

What was it? What business afoot?

Merely a single episode from scores of similar episodes enacted almost nightly in numerous solitary places along the coast-line of this country.

A single coup, a transaction, call it what you like, from Britain's latest big-scale business, a business whose profits can already be reckoned in hundreds of thousands, a "business" which it would cost the authorities, using present methods, £11,000,000 a year to suppress!

Tobacco smuggling has now ceased to be a romantically coloured pursuit of an adventurous few. It has become a racket, organised and financed on a scale which would be no discredit to a staple industry.

Here is a scandal which is not only making a "dummy" of the law, but is becoming a sinister menace to the health of the community.

Certain of the more disreputable types of cigarette and tobacco salesmen in different parts of the country are the end of the journey for the greater part of the cargoes which are being "run" in the darkness of those beaches and creeks.

They specialise in selling brands of cigarettes and tobacco which are unknown in regular trade circles, and most of the stuff they sell is pernicious trash, baneful and injurious in the extreme.

Analysts horrified

Over in Belgium and Holland there are wholesalers and factors by the score who are now putting up compressed tobacco specially for smuggling purposes. It is this stuff which forms the bulk of the contraband cargoes. At this end it sells for fantastically low prices. For instance, some of it was traced recently in Hull, where it had been disposed of at 1s. a pound.

It is raw, uncured, untreated stuff, full of noxious alkaloids. Analysts who have examined samples of it have been horrified at what they have found.

Drugs like furfurol, and even atropine, poisonous tars and harsh chemicals, which are destroyed altogether or reduced to a trace by the processes to which reputable manufacturers submit the duty-paid imported product, are present in this smuggled stuff in fearsome quantities.

Usually it is blended with small quantities of genuine tobaccos when it is sold cheaply across "cut price" counters under anonymous brands. But, although the blending may disguise the obvious presence of these noxious substances to the sense of taste and smell, it does not eliminate them; they are there all right.

The authorities now view the enormous growth of the tobacco smuggling racket with the gravest concern, the more so because the nation's health is now involved as well as the nation's pocket, and during the last few years there has been a wholesale tightening up of the preventive organisation.

The Special Branch of Scotland Yard and even the Intelligence Branches of the Services are working in with the Secret Service section of the Customs, which formerly used to handle preventive measures alone, and kept its organisation jealously to itself.

In one recent case, it was the work of an officer at M.1.5, the famous secret section of the War Office, which led directly to the conviction of a large-scale smuggler.

But the ramifications of the smuggling industry, the care with which plans are laid and executed, and the difficulties involved to the authorities can be gathered from the fact that three years' continual watching of one of the actors in another recent smuggling case was necessary before he was finally brought to book.

Another man, for whom a warrant has now been issued and for whom a country-wide police search is being made, has been watched for four years. He is believed to be one of the chiefs of the biggest smuggling ring of all, but only a week or two ago did the authorities receive the final, vital, piece of evidence they required. Simultaneously with the receipt of this evidence the man somehow eluded his watchers and disappeared.

There has been several instances lately which supply disquieting grounds for the belief that some of the smugglers have rather too much knowledge of the progress of counter-measures against them. So vast is the conspiracy that they have the necessary organisation to "watch the watchers."

Constant war

No fiction writer could do justice to the bare truth of many of the episodes and discoveries in the constant war which is going on between the authorities and the heads of this huge smuggling racket. The whole inner story cannot, of course, be yet written, but we propose to reveal a few examples which will serve to show what the authorities are up against.

For instance, there is one method whereby this crude tobacco has been smuggled into the country in enormous quantities over a space of

How the smuggling racket affects you—the contraband tobacco described here is definitely injurious to the smoker.

e Peril Behind It

years, which was only discovered by the preventive officials a few weeks ago. It is a comparatively safe method requiring a minimum of accomplices and no small boats and risky night landings. And it was only brought to light after some patient and clever, if rather belated, enquiry.

It consisted of packing the tobacco round bulbs and plant roots which come into this country from Holland in enormous quantities each year. These bulbs and roots are usually packed in a kind of brown moss and vegetable fibre, and the type of smuggled tobacco which has been imported in recent years looks very similar.

For the purpose of the smuggling scheme one of the ring started in business with warehouses and branches in ports like Hull, Newcastle and London, which serve the Continent. His partners in Holland and Belgium bought bulbs from the growers, packed them in the tobacco and consigned them here.

It was a clever scheme and worked well. As an additional deception, the top layer in the cases was usually genuine moss packing, but this was scarcely necessary. The Customs could hardly be expected to examine closely the thousands of packages of this innocent-looking merchandise, which arrive at the docks almost every day, and has done so for generations.

Trade jealousy started the enquiries which led to the unveiling of the plot.

The partner at the British end was, of course, more interested in the packing than in the bulbs. He made his money out of the packing. The bulbs he often sold for what they would fetch—prices far below that which his competitors were asking, prices far below the purchase cost in Holland.

His competitors knew that he must be losing money, and a man cannot keep on losing money and stay in business long. Yet this man apparently was able to live in defiance of elementary economics. So they became suspicious.

Gang trapped

The Customs Secret Service, whose ears are everywhere and whose connections are remarkably varied and efficient, got to hear of those suspicions. So the enquiries started. They went on for months. Very clever enquiries, too. But at last the gang was trapped and the game was up.

And there was the case of the six distressed British seamen. These men arrived at Dover a few weeks ago on D.B.S. travel vouchers issued by the British Consul at a Belgian port. But when questioned by the landing officials, they had very hazy memories about the ship from which they had been cast ashore in a foreign land. They could not even remember its name. They had no discharge papers.

So the S.S. men got busy again. There were more questions, very pointed questions, put to these six distressed seamen. The result was some hurried journeys by chiefs of the Service to places on the Sussex coast near Rye and Camber, and a trebling there of the preventive staffs.

On this coast, between Dungeness and Fairlight, there have been fewer than a dozen men to watch twenty miles of beach and cliff-bound coves. Working eight-hour shifts, that means about four men on duty each time.

It was established that contraband tobacco had been run into this coast for the smuggling ring for months, and that it had been one of the main centres of their operations. They relied on the utter impossibility of any efficient watching by four men over twenty miles of coast.

Night ride

The contraband is run over from the Continent in fishing luggers, power yachts and even chartered tugs in tons at a time, which arrive off the coast at an appointed place between two and three in the morning. Wireless and the Continental telephone is used to arrange the rendezvous.

At Camber, for instance, cars would drive in among the sand dunes and signal with their headlamps out to sea. Then the stuff would be loaded from the yachts to shallow draught boats with outboard engines, run on to the beach, and transferred to the cars. Lorries have also been used and the stuff brought by road at night to London.

A complete organisation which has been operating for a long time on this coast has been laid bare by the preventive officials. Lorries and cars have been traced to a clearing house at a garage in Islington in North London.

The six distressed seamen had been working for the gang on their "ferry service" across the North Sea and Channel. But by a slip up in some plans they had been stranded and left without resources in a Continental port, with consequent bad results for the gang.

But if they are now out of business on this part of the coast the same thing is going on at other places.

Unknown code

Fowey, in Cornwall, Leith, the coast five miles beyond Harwich, the Solent near Seaview in the Isle of Wight, with its many concealed coves, and the Holderness coast of East Yorkshire are all places where it is known that cargoes are being run by the smuggling rings. Intensive watching is now proceeding there, but the authorities are fighting a losing battle.

The transhipment method at night is practised in all these places.

The Admiralty and the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries have now entered into the fight. Recently the master of the Bull Lightship off the mouth of the Humber picked up light signals in code which were being sent from some vessels out in the darkness to the Holderness shore. They were in an unknown code.

He reported it at once to the Humber Conservancy Board, who in turn informed the Admiralty and the Ministry. Urgent action has been taken, patrol boats despatched and extra watchers detailed for duty in the neighbourhood of Spurn Head.

These Government Departments have entered into the fray because it is the gravest possible international offence to send marine signals except in an accepted code. It is heavily punishable in all countries and everybody who uses the sea knows that fact.

It is a matter of interest that the day after the signals were first seen a foreign fishing vessel came up the Humber ostensibly to sell a cargo of fish, notwithstanding the fact, which they must have known, that no foreign vessels have been allowed to land fish in English ports since the embargo came into force many months ago.

The other usual method used by the smuggling gangs is to employ fleets of fast power boats such as the war-time M.L.s and submarine chasers and run them directly across to the Continent, pick up their cargoes there and then land them in tidal creeks such as abound on the Essex coast.

Lesser, alias Franklin, the man recently sentenced at Portsmouth, had used this method.

He owes his last conviction, however, to the fact that he went in for bigger boats and tonnages. His last consignment came in an old tug called the *Trefly*, which ran ashore in a gale off Dunkirk. Gendarmes found the tobacco cargo, the Customs in England got to hear of it, and so again the game was up.

Lesser's last conviction points the moral to the authorities. It reveals their impotence, the gravest flaw in their counter-measures. It shows also why the smugglers are winning. The reason is that even when they are caught and convicted, which is seldom, they can afford to laugh at the punishment meted out to them.

It certainly pays!

The maximum sentence, no matter what the fine, is six months in jail. Imprisonment for the full term wipes out the fine! That legislation came into force sixty years ago when smuggling was carried out only on a comparatively small scale by individuals, and a prison sentence was considered to be quite adequate punishment.

But such legislation is obviously farcical to-day.

Here is the man Lesser, admittedly one of the smaller fry, who has been to prison three times for smuggling offences, each time for six months only. With his accomplices he has been fined a total of nearly £100,000 to date.

He has gone to prison on a royal scale—at the rate of about £30,000 a year. Doesn't that make the smuggling racket pay?

It was announced recently in Parliament that it would need 70,000 men, at a cost of £11,000,000 a year, to guard effectively the coasts against smugglers and stamp out the racket altogether.

But the real remedy is far cheaper. It lies in the immediate imposition of the severest possible penalties.

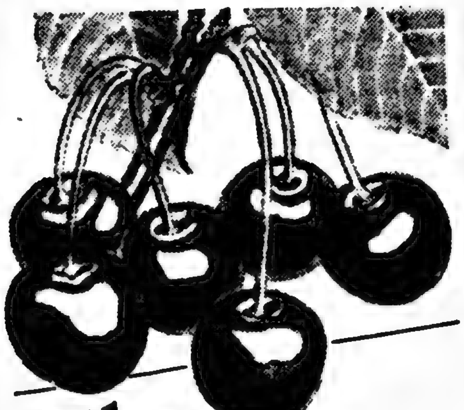
The Customs have the power now to bring actions against smugglers in the High Courts, where a prison sentence does not wipe out the fine, but they have refrained from this action because of "the public cost involved."

Jail them!

That power must, however, be used. It is no use handling the smuggling gangs with kid gloves. And new legislation should be introduced to increase the nature and length of the sentences within the power of all Courts.

The last vestiges of romance have gone out of smuggling now that it has become "big business," and the more so now that its progress contains such an implicit menace to business and the nation's health.

It should be stamped out firmly, mercilessly. Prison for the gangs, and plenty of it, will do that, and it should be done, at once. If penal servitude is weighed with the profits in the smuggling game, then there is the end of the game.



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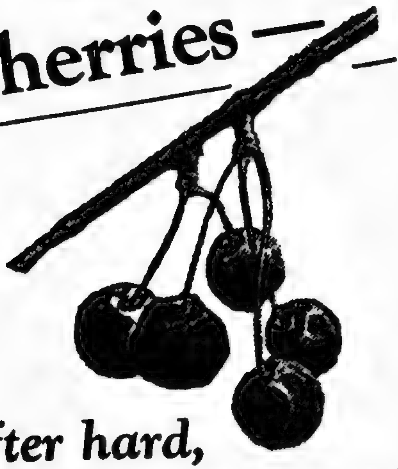

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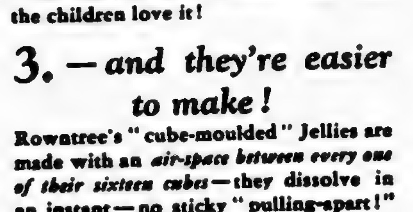

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The Private Life of GEORGE LANSBURY

—5—

by his son EDGAR

"He looks upon music as an ally"— George Lansbury and Jack Hylton join in a juvenile orchestra at the Children's Home in Bow.

MUSIC hath CHARMS . .

SOMETIMES in her later years I used to hear my mother speak a little wearily, if not bitterly, of the fate that had kept her and father so much apart.

I never heard her grumble because it threw so much work and responsibility on her hands, but that she felt keenly the separation from him is beyond doubt.

He never returned after more than a day's absence without bringing her flowers, not orchids or lilies, but a penny bunch of violets, a sprig of heather, or maybe some lilies-of-the-valley or forget-me-nots. Precious indeed, but with all their fragrance incapable of sustaining through long days and longer nights one who needed the strong arms of the lover and protector.

He felt the separation, too, but life for him was brimming over with the excitement of action. While he held aloft the flaming torch, the passing of the months and the fading of the rose may have been unnoticed.

For her, life seemed tinged with a sadness, the effect of which none of us escaped.

When she had an hour to spare she would turn to her organ and with a couple of the children would beguile the hours with songs, all of them sad, and some depressing beyond words.

Picture, then, our tiny parlour somewhere about 1893, walls hung with yellowing photographs of grandfather and grandmother and father and mother, a pair of red plush pipe-racks over the mantelpiece, a "whatnot" in one corner on which breakable ornaments might be stood for babies to knock off, scintillating lustres on each side of the fireplace, a glass case with unbelievable wax pears and grapes beneath, aspidistras in the bay window, and huge magnificent family Bible on the little table in the very centre of the room—an important book containing, besides the scriptures illustrated by coloured pictures of great attraction, full particulars of every member of the family, with photograph complete.

In this setting mother's own little concerts would take place. They were in a mood all her own.

One of the favourites went something like this:

"I should like to die," said Willie,
"If my mother would die, too,
But she says she isn't ready
For she's got some work to do."

The other verses were also lowering and morbid, but we loved them all, and I personally felt much aggrieved because my elder brother's name was Willie and the song seemed to me to reflect great but undeserved glory upon him.

goes by the sound

Another favourite song depicted the wanderings of an "Eric, or Little by Little" sort of boy. I only remember the refrain, which was,

"O where is my wandering boy to-night,"

sung to an air that would wring the withers of a rhinoceros.

If one of the family were out later than usual the song would seem to become even more pregnant with meaning, and it would not have surprised us had a policeman knocked at the door to announce a tragedy.

I think these songs could rightly have been classified as "blues," but the word wasn't coined.

Father believes in music. I can think of no other way of putting it. And he is "fond of music." I don't mean that he understands Bach or that he would consider the music of Stravinsky or Debussy as anything more than a noise or even a "blooming row."

He thinks music good when it sounds good and bad when it doesn't. He might sit through a Beethoven Symphony to please a friend, but he would take a good deal of the music on trust. Wagner's operas would send him to sleep, though he would be intrigued and pleased by Sir Henry Wood and his promenade concert orchestra performing the Bridal Chorus and Wedding March from "Lohengrin."

He would like that sort of music because it would sound like a bridal chorus and wedding march. It would make him feel happy. For the same sort of reason he would be impressed by Chopin's Funeral March; he would not fail to catch the meaning of those solemn opening chords; nor would the thrilling beauty of the later passages escape him.

power of song

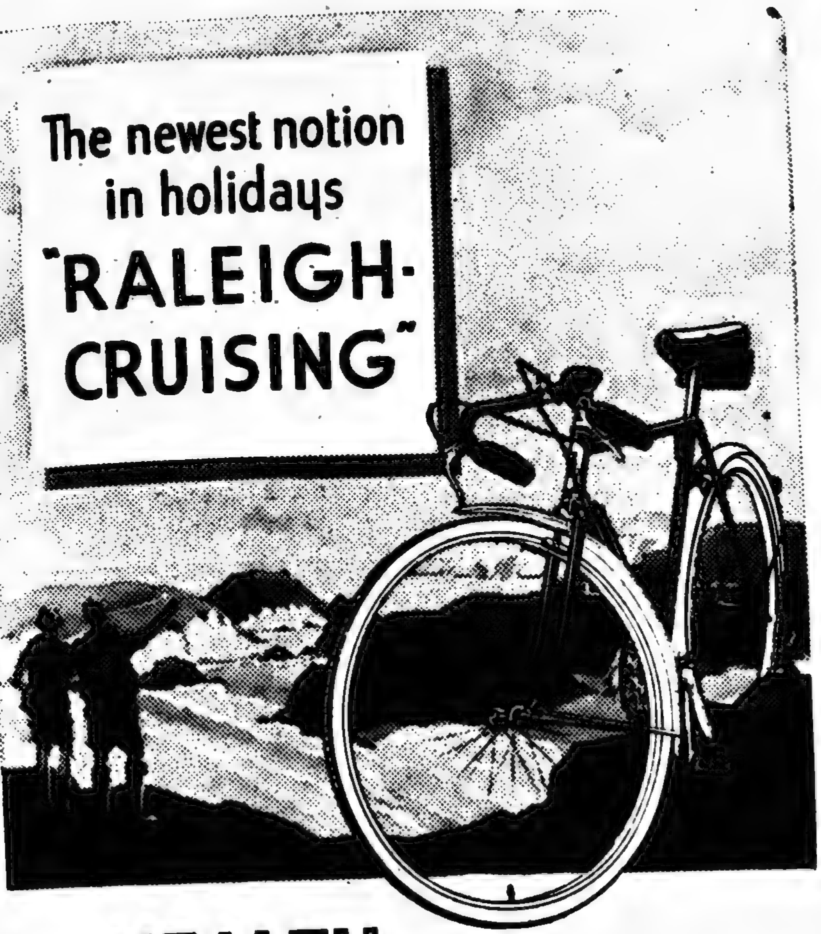
But the music he likes and believes in is the music the masses enjoy. He likes comic songs, sentimental songs, love songs, socialist songs, and hymns out of the "Ancient and Modern" hymn book. He likes a good marching song and a good march.

He looks upon music as an ally because a poor meeting with bad speakers can be converted into a good meeting by music—indifferent or good. He knows that people in the mass can sometimes be stirred more profoundly by community singing (it was never called that in his day) than by rhetoric and eloquence. Both singing and oratory appeal to the emotions through the medium of sound, and depend largely for their full effect on the silencing of criticism.

Two extreme examples of his employment of noise and music may be given. The first, election days in Bow and Bromley.

From early morning till late at night vans and lorries packed to suffocation with children of all ages will parade the Borough yelling popular songs till you would think they must burst, and

(*Continued overleaf*)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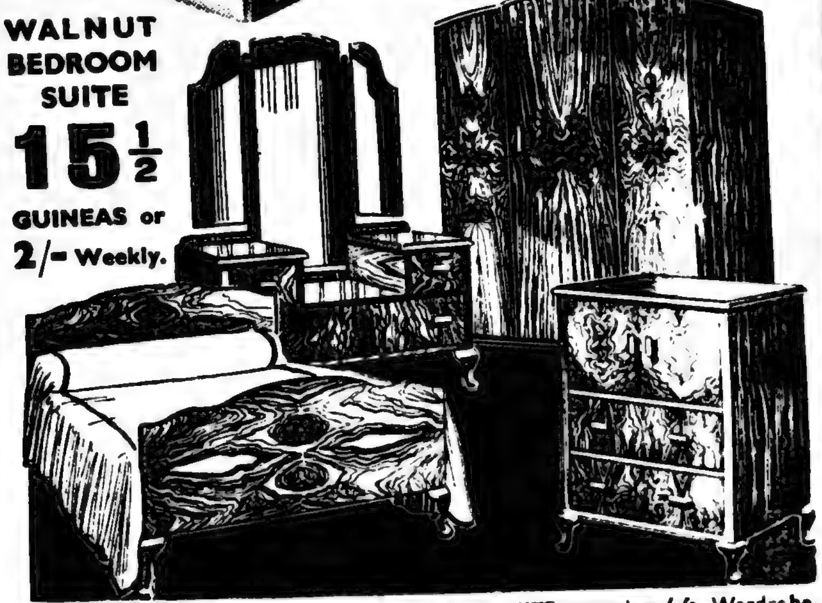

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Sheffield 42/44 London Rd (The Moor)
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Worthing - - 15/17 Rowlands Road
York - 1 Low Ousegate

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GEORGE LANSBURY

—Continued from page 22

"Whoopee" around the Organ!

always bringing in between each song that wretched doggerel:

Vote, Vote, Vote for Mister Lansbury
Chuck old (what's his name) in the eye—eye,
For Lansbury is the man and we'll have him if we can,
And we won't vote for (what's his name) any more.

to the tune of "God Save Ireland."

Towards the end of the day, vans and lorries are emptied and the children form into an enormous procession which winds its innocent way through every street in the constituency with, if possible, even louder singing and terrific cheering and booing.

Trams and buses, lorries and private cars are interrupted on their journeys and, in spite of attempted protests, compelled to stop while the procession passes.

Father always leads this procession in person, carrying a huge black cat, given him by the Women's Section of the local Labour Party as a mascot. He must be very superstitious, for I know he would never go through an election without taking the black cat with him.

The women of Bow are of the same mind, and if ever he threw over the black cat I verily believe they would do the same by him.

home-made music

Father believes in putting children into the political arena as soon as they are out of their cradles. He thinks what was good for us is good for them.

Father not only believes in music at meetings, he believes in it in the home, too. In his early married days, jazz, crooning and rag-time melodies were unknown. Even the ear-splitting marches of Sousa had not yet assailed the world. Wireless was a pretty notion of scientists, for wires themselves were only in their infancy; the gramophone had not supplanted the phonograph, with its hoarse and waxy cylindrical records of unspeakable performances on xylophone, concertina, etc. The phonograph itself was a crude and clumsy affair, serving only to amuse the well-to-do.

But if America had not yet lifted up "His Master's Voice," or the B.B.C. received its licence to invite itself into our kitchens and parlours, every family had its own kind of musical entertainment.

In our home, when we made whoopee, we made it around the "American Organ." I do not know whether this old instrument actually originated in America as its name implies, but I do know that it had been to Australia, and in the backwoods had served its turn at impromptu prayer meetings or Sunday evening sing-songs. Mother loved it and, in spite of her early married life of hard physical work, spent all her leisure playing it.

voice in the night

If, on one of those rare evenings in the 'nineties when father was "at home," you had been passing along St. Stephen's Road, Bow, you might have observed a window with a "venetian" blind let down, streaming with condensed human breath, open just a little at the top to let out volumes of spent air and gas fumes.

Outside you might have seen a gathering of small boys and girls, the postman perhaps pausing a moment on his round, and a bent old woman with a jug under her apron going for the supper beer to the pub. over the way, or returning with it; and the policeman, perhaps, a few yards away, appearing not to notice anything unusual.

From within a loud, deep and resonant baritone voice, a little uncertain as to pitch, would be filling the evening air, accompanied by the peculiar strains of the American organ. It would be George Lansbury, that desperate, dyed-in-the-wool red revolutionary, free for an hour or two from the labour of making Socialists and spending the ratepayers' money, entertaining his family and perhaps a friend or two with song.

For the time being, politics and affairs would be forgotten and we would "let the sound of music creep in our ears." His favourite song was "Queen of the Earth." Let the reader not trouble about the exact words of this extraordinary ballad. It had a deep and serious meaning, and expounded the desirability of true and constant love.

Father's indoor audience consisted of his children, five or six at a time, enraptured by the words, the music, the singer and the organ. Mother was of course the accompanist, and very proud she was, too. Vigorous applause would greet the singer as he crashed out the last words, "As queen of the earth she reigneth alone" — and an instant demand went up for an encore. Then, indeed, if we had tears would we prepare to shed them.

For the encore was a completely devastating song about a bugler who, though wounded, stuck to his post (to be faithful to the author of the song, "raised himself in the bloodstained snow, one loud long blast on his bugle to blow"), the idea being to warn his comrades of the enemy's approach.

Father was always moved just as much as his listeners, and would find it more than ever difficult to find the note with that exactitude which young children and great critics desire.

We all used to love "The Bugler," because it led us on by gentle stages through tragedy, heroism and self-sacrifice to the quiet serenity of a lovely death, ending with the lines,

There in the snow, lieth he low,
Gallant old bugler, shot by the foe.

Even in the eighteen-nineties we were pacifists, and glad that the song was about a bugler and not a real soldier; but we didn't quite like him being an old bugler. We thought all buglers were bugler-boys, as all drummers were drummer-boys.

At one time father's repertory was quite extensive, including "Love's Old Sweet Song," "The Cabin with the Roses at the Door," "The Powder Monkey," "Down the Vale," "Admiral Blake," enlivened by a few contemporary comics such as "Our Tyke," "The Golden Dustman" and a score of similar songs.

As the years rolled on these performances became less frequent, partly because father was less frequently available and partly because his voice began to deteriorate from the effects of continual outdoor speaking. And, of course, we were all getting more sophisticated, if not fastidious, as he got nearer sixty than forty.

As a family we were musical. We all loved the family musical evenings, but positively there were no geniuses amongst us—not even potential ones. The elder girls played the piano, sang duets at school concerts, and often co-starred with father at home. Among the smaller fry, I think I shone weakly as a violinist; my elder brother gained more kudos because of his aptitude with a very flashy German mouth-organ.

"dreadful noise"

Father encouraged us all impartially. I can remember one occasion, however, when his attitude was quite the reverse of encouraging.

My sister and I were practising a rather difficult piece of music in one corner of the "front room," while he waged wordy warfare with a comrade in another. He inquired testily whether we couldn't play it quietly, or at least make it sound, "you know, Edgar old boy, a bit more like music—you know, the sort you hear at concerts."

We were serious and sought refuge in tears; but for once even this failed to move him, though it brought mother on the scene in a rage. I can still hear him expostulating with her: "Well, Bessie darling, it really *is* a dreadful noise."

At last, after forty years, I am on father's side.

NEXT WEEK:
DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY

"The Greatest of These—"

Boots, Boots, BOOTS!

R. S., who is ten, and his eleven-year-old brother are choir boys. They are distressed because they have to wear the same clothes at church as at school, and have no decent boots.

"There have been six of us," their mother states, "to struggle on 26s. 3d. a week. I have had to get up in the morning, clean up my home, get four children off to school, and walk two miles to work for 2s.

"I have had first one child ill and then another through want of nourishing food. Twice in two years I was laid up for twelve weeks with pleurisy, and was ordered away, but could not go.

"My doctor's bills I am unable to pay, and with my children ill, I am struggling to pay a shilling a week off my baker's and coalman's bills.

Her illness was caused through falling and injuring herself while escaping with her children in an air raid.

"When my eldest son returned home from a sanatorium last time," she continues, "I had to get him a decent suit at the rate of 2s. a week, and for which I have not yet paid.

"Now he has gone back again, and and if only I could get all my debts paid up, I could rest and know that I should not have to think of to-morrow."

"R. S."

A boy aged fourteen has now started work, and brings home about 5s. a week after his fares and lunch are deducted.

"R. S.'s mother is very deserving of any help you can give," states her rector; "I confidently commend her to you."

Any donations our readers will send earmarked "R. S.," out of sympathy for this mother, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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Apply this surgically clean dressing and plaster to blisters, boils, cuts and scratches.
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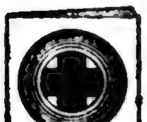
Applied in 5 seconds. Ready cut to the size you require. Cannot chafe or press on the wound. Cannot move.



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They take away tiredness— renew you all over.

You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost

There is no better breakfast food than Bread–and none nearly so cheap. It is practically all pure nourishment, body-building and energy-producing, yet it costs far less than cereal foods although it has a much higher food value. Start the day right on Bread -order an extra loaf from your baker *now*.

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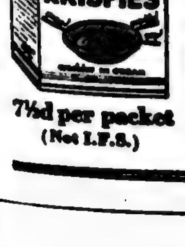
C.F.H. 104

Eating is a game *FOR THEM*

snap!
crackle!
pop!

Children have fun when they have Rice Krispies. For they love to hear those toasted bubbles of rice crackle in cold milk or cream.

And Kellogg's Rice Krispies are good for children because they are nourishing and easy to digest. Splendid for breakfast. Particularly good for the evening meal because they invite restful sleep. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Krispies by name.



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Made by **KELLOGG** *in* **LONDON, CANADA**

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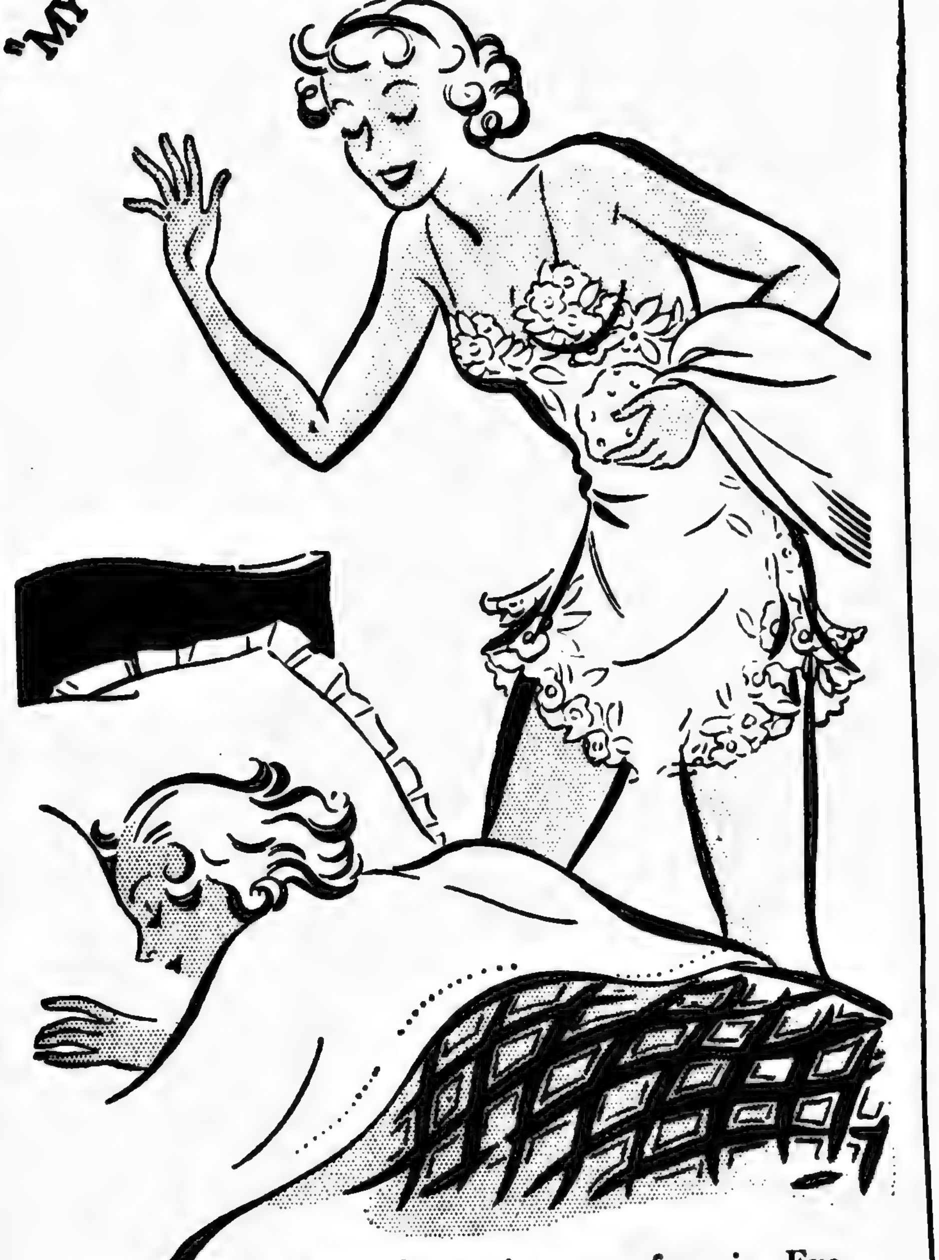
"MY NEW SOAP'S HEAVENLY... DO GET UP AND TRY IT!"



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Eve
TOILET SOAP

EVE

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AT A PRICE YOU'LL LIKE

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EVE 18-454

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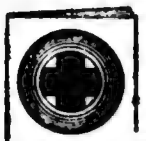

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"Where are the Reckitt's Bath Cubes"?

They take away tiredness—renew you all over.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GEORGE LANSBURY

—Continued from page 22

"Whoopee" around the Organ!

always bringing in between each song that wretched doggerel:

Vote, Vote, Vote for Mister Lansbury
Chuck old (what's his name) in the eye—eye,
For Lansbury is the man and we'll have him if we can,
And we won't vote for (what's his name) any more.

to the tune of "God Save Ireland."

Towards the end of the day, vans and lorries are emptied and the children form into an enormous procession which winds its innocent way through every street in the constituency with, if possible, even louder singing and terrific cheering and booing.

Trams and buses, lorries and private cars are interrupted on their journeys and, in spite of attempted protests, compelled to stop while the procession passes.

Father always leads this procession in person, carrying a huge black cat, given him by the Women's Section of the local Labour Party as a mascot. He must be very superstitious, for I know he would never go through an election without taking the black cat with him

The women of Bow are of the same mind, and if ever he threw over the black cat I verily believe they would do the same by him

home-made music

Father believes in putting children into the political arena as soon as they are out of their cradles. He thinks what was good for us is good for them.

Father not only believes in music at meetings, he believes in it in the home, too. In his early married days, jazz, crooning and rag-time melodies were unknown. Even the ear-splitting marches of Sousa had not yet assailed the world. Wireless was a pretty notion of scientists, for wires themselves were only in their infancy; the gramophone had not supplanted the phonograph, with its hoarse and waxy cylindrical records of unspeakable performances on xylophone, concertina, etc. The phonograph itself was a crude and clumsy affair, serving only to amuse the well-to-do.

But if America had not yet lifted up "His Master's Voice," or the B.B.C. received its licence to invite itself into our kitchens and parlours, every family had its own kind of musical entertainment.

In our home, when we made whoopee, we made it around the "American Organ." I do not know whether this old instrument actually originated in America as its name implies, but I do know that it had been to Australia, and in the backwoods had served its turn at impromptu prayer meetings or Sunday evening sing-songs. Mother loved it and, in spite of her early married life of hard physical work, spent all her leisure playing it.

voice in the night

If, on one of those rare evenings in the 'nineties when father was "at home," you had been passing along St. Stephen's Road, Bow, you might have observed a window with a "venetian" blind let down, streaming with condensed human breath, open just a little at the top to let out volumes of spent air and gas fumes.

Outside you might have seen a gathering of small boys and girls, the postman perhaps pausing a moment on his round, and a bent old woman with a jug under her apron going for the supper beer to the pub. over the way, or returning with it; and the policeman, perhaps, a few yards away, appearing not to notice anything unusual.

From within a loud, deep and resonant baritone voice, a little uncertain as to pitch, would be filling the evening air, accompanied by the peculiar strains of the American organ. It would be George Lansbury, that desperate, dyed-in-the-wool red revolutionary, free for an hour or two from the labour of making Socialists and spending the ratepayers' money, entertaining his family and perhaps a friend or two with song.

For the time being, politics and affairs would be forgotten and we would "let the sound of music creep in our ears." His favourite song was "Queen of the Earth." Let the reader not trouble about the exact words of this extraordinary ballad. It had a deep and serious meaning, and expounded the desirability of true and constant love.

Father's indoor audience consisted of his children, five or six at a time, enraptured by the words, the music, the singer and the organ. Mother was of course the accompanist, and very proud she was, too. Vigorous applause would greet the singer as he crashed out the last words, "As queen of the earth she reigneth alone" — and an instant demand went up for an encore. Then, indeed, if we had tears would we prepare to shed them.

For the encore was a completely devastating song about a bugler who, though wounded, stuck to his post (to be faithful to the author of the song, "raised himself in the bloodstained snow, one loud long blast on his bugle to blow"), the idea being to warn his comrades of the enemy's approach.

Father was always moved just as much as his listeners, and would find it more than ever difficult to find the note with that exactitude which young children and great critics desire.

We all used to love "The Bugler," because it led us on by gentle stages through tragedy, heroism and self-sacrifice to the quiet serenity of a lovely death, ending with the lines,

There in the snow, lieth he low,
Gallant old bugler, shot by the foe.

Even in the eighteen-nineties we were pacifists, and glad that the song was about a bugler and not a real soldier; but we didn't quite like him being an old bugler. We thought all buglers were bugler-boys, as all drummers were drummer-boys.

At one time father's repertory was quite extensive, including "Love's Old Sweet Song," "The Cabin with the Roses at the Door," "The Powder Monkey," "Down the Vale," "Admiral Blake," enlivened by a few contemporary comics such as "Our Tyke," "The Golden Dustman" and a score of similar songs.

As the years rolled on these performances became less frequent, partly because father was less frequently available and partly because his voice began to deteriorate from the effects of continual outdoor speaking. And, of course, we were all getting more sophisticated, if not fastidious, as he got nearer sixty than forty.

As a family we were musical. We all loved the family musical evenings, but positively there were no geniuses amongst us—not even potential ones. The elder girls played the piano, sang duets at school concerts, and often co-starred with father at home. Among the smaller fry, I think I shone weakly as a violinist; my elder brother gained more kudos because of his aptitude with a very flashy German mouth-organ.

"dreadful noise"

Father encouraged us all impartially. I can remember one occasion, however, when his attitude was quite the reverse of encouraging.

My sister and I were practising a rather difficult piece of music in one corner of the "front room," while he waged wordy warfare with a comrade in another. He inquired testily whether we couldn't play it quietly, or at least make it sound, "you know, Edgar old boy, a bit more like music—you know, the sort you hear at concerts."

We were serious and sought refuge in tears; but for once even this failed to move him, though it brought mother on the scene in a rage. I can still hear him expostulating with her: "Well, Bessie darling, it really is a dreadful noise."

At last, after forty years, I am on father's side.

NEXT WEEK:
DIVORCE IN THE FAMILY

"The Greatest of These—"

Boots, Boots, BOOTS!

R. S., who is ten, and his eleven-year-old brother are choir boys. They are distressed because they have to wear the same clothes at church as at school, and have no decent boots.

"There have been six of us," their mother states, "to struggle on 26s. 3d. a week. I have had to get up in the morning, clean up my home, get four children off to school, and walk two miles to work for 2s.

"I have had first one child ill and then another through want of nourishing food. Twice in two years I was laid up for twelve weeks with pleurisy, and was ordered away, but could not go.

"My doctor's bills I am unable to pay, and with my children ill, I am struggling to pay a shilling a week off my baker's and coalman's bills.

Her illness was caused through falling and injuring herself while escaping with her children in an air raid.

"When my eldest son returned home from a sanatorium last time," she continues, "I had to get him a decent suit at the rate of 2s. a week, and for which I have not yet paid.

"Now he has gone back again, and and if only I could get all my debts paid up, I could rest and know that I should not have to think of to-morrow."

"R. S."

A boy aged fourteen has now started work, and brings home about 5s. a week after his fares and lunch are deducted.

"R. S.'s mother is very deserving of any help you can give," states her rector; "I confidently commend her to you."

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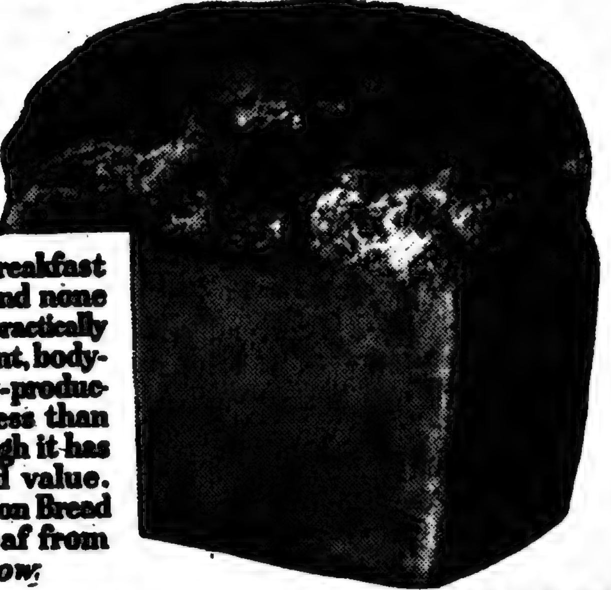

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ISSUED BY THE MILLERS' MUTUAL ASSOCIATION C.F.H. 104

Eating is a game *FOR THEM*

snap!
crackle!
pop!

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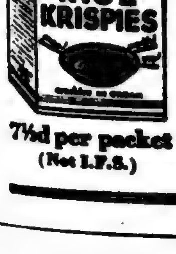

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RICE KRISPIES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA

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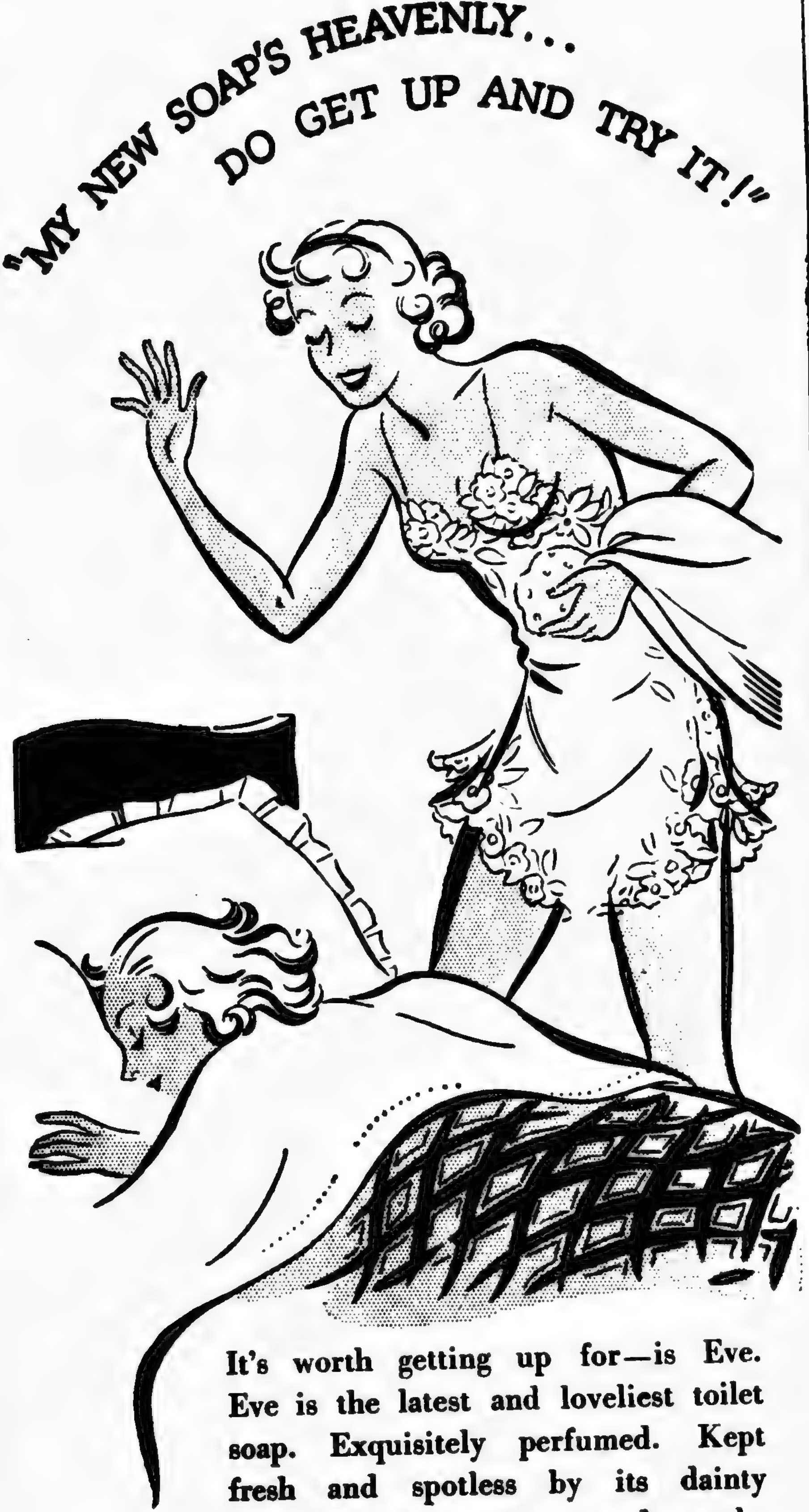
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Eve
TOILET SOAP

EVE

A SOAP YOU'LL LOVE
AT A PRICE YOU'LL LIKE

A PRODUCT OF WATSONS
SOAP MAKERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS

EVE 18-454

Don't BLAME THE HEAT...

YOUR DOG WILL NEVER BE LISTLESS OR SULKY *if you condition him correctly*

ON every warm day you see dogs listless and sulky. When that happens to your own dog, don't make the mistake of blaming the summer heat.

It isn't the heat which makes dogs listless, but a sluggish liver caused by impure blood. Hot weather merely develops the impurities more rapidly.

If you keep your dog's blood free from the food impurities which continually infect it he will never be listless, never sulky tempered.

The correct way to do this is to give a Bob Martin's Condition Powder 3 times a day on 2 successive days in every week.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders purify the blood, preventing and curing all common blood disorders, such as **listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, continual scratching, dull or loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes.**

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Keep dogs fit ALWAYS

DIGESTIVE PAINS LIKE KNIVES IN CHEST

RELIEF AFTER 10 YEARS' AGONY.

From a recent photo of Mr. Bunce

Mr. A. H. Bunce, of Martyr Worthy, Winchester, writes :—

"I have suffered from indigestion for the past ten years. The pains I had were like knives in the chest. I tried nearly all the remedies that money will buy but I was no better. About a year ago I got a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia and I found it was the making of me. The pains went and I can eat as I like now but I still keep a bottle at home. You may use this letter as you like as I am only too thankful that I am free from that awful complaint indigestion."

'Bisurated' Magnesia, the world's indigestion remedy, is obtainable at 1/3 from any chemist.

HOT FEET

Soothe swollen, tired, aching feet at once this simple and inexpensive way. Put a little Condy's Fluid in a basin of water—about a tablespoonful to a quart—and soak the feet in this. Acts like magic. Tiredness and tenderness vanish, swelling is reduced. Shoes can be worn with comfort. Burning, throbbing feeling disappears. There's a scientific reason. Condy's in water makes *active oxygen*, Nature's great tonic and reviver. It is this *active oxygen* which gives Condy's the power to soothe and cleanse as nothing else can. Odourless, non-poisonous. Sold by all chemists, grocers and stores. 1/- and 1/6 bottle. It must be Condy's. (43a)

The MOTHER with a PAST

—Should She Tell Her Daughter?

"It would break my heart to shatter her love for me and see her turn from me . . ."

IT is possible to condense a world of meaning into a single sentence. Here is a case in point: "He has a past," we say, in referring to someone. Of course he has—so have we all. But what they mean is that there is something discreditable about his past history. And there are people who will go to any lengths to ferret it out in order to hold it at the victim's head at the pistol's point.

That kind of thing is dangerously near blackmail. Those who resort to it deserve—what they often get—very heavy punishment.

There is a minor form of the same vicious practice which, though outside the reach of the law, can be terribly cruel and destructive. Here is the story of a woman who is suffering in that way:—

"I am married," she says, "and we have a large family, the eldest being a girl of fifteen. Before my marriage I lived with a man for some time. My husband knew all about it, and he always told me that the past would be buried between us and never mentioned again.

"He has not kept his word, and at every opportunity he casts it up at me, and keeps telling me that if I were a decent mother I would tell my daughter all about myself. I have, of course, told her about the facts of life, and warned her about the pitfalls that beset a young girl. It would break my heart to shatter her love for me and see her, and possibly in time my other children, turn from me.

"Do you think it right that I should tell a girl of fifteen what happened many years before she was born? I have been a good wife and mother, and I have tried to atone for whatever mistakes I made in the past."

◆

Allow a girl of fifteen to sit in judgment on her mother?

It surprises me that any man calling himself a husband and a father should even suggest such a thing. This girl is scarcely more than a child, and it would be the height of cruelty to her as well as to the mother for the whole past history to be raked up again.

There is an old proverb: "To know all is to forgive all." At fifteen, or even older, youth knows far from "all." That is why we often find young people so hard in their criticism of their elders. It is not until they have faced the ups and downs of life themselves that they come to realise how easy it is to make mistakes, and how sympathetic, therefore, they should be to those who are doing their best to live down an early lapse.

It would, in my view, be nothing short of criminal to burden this young girl with a story which she cannot yet understand, much less pass judgment upon. If she were told, the only possible effect might be to destroy her faith in her mother, and to lessen that mother's control over her at the very period of her life when control is most needed.

I will go even further: I see no reason why that confession should ever be made. The incident occurred many years ago. The husband was aware of it before he married my correspondent. From that time until now this woman has been "a good wife and mother" to her husband and her family. She has earned their affection, and it should be given to her without stint or hesitation.

The story of that past chapter in her history should be buried beyond resurrection.

◆

My next letter shows how the past has a nasty habit of cropping up again. This letter also comes from a mother, but this time she is a widow. She tells me that she married a man out of pity, and suffered all her life in consequence. Now she is greatly worried about her daughter. This is what she says:—

"My daughter is to be married next month, but during the last few weeks I have noticed a great change in her. She has now confided to me that her feelings towards her bridegroom-to-be have completely altered. She says that she still likes him, but has certainly not the same affection for him that she used to have.

"She intends, however, to go through with the marriage because she feels that it is too late now to turn back. They have rented a small house, the furniture has been bought, and my daughter has given notice to leave her employment. I have never told her of my own experience, and of the loveless life led by her father and me.

"Do you think that I should be justified in not only telling her, but also her promised husband?"

The first thing to make certain about in this case is that the girl's feelings have really changed. Her present mood may be due to the nervous strain caused by the preparations for the wedding. The leaving of her old employment, the renting of the house, the buying of the furniture—all these things can affect a girl very greatly.

Let her make sure, therefore, that her altered feelings are not due to fatigue. If she is certain on that point, it would be the height of folly to go on with the wedding. It would not be fair either to the young man or to the girl, for although her motive in keeping silent now is not to hurt his feelings, this would be poor consolation to him afterwards, when he discovered the truth, as he would be bound to do.

He could in these circumstances quite rightly accuse her of cheating him.

My correspondent, therefore, is not only justified, but it is her duty to place these facts before her daughter. If necessary, she should even recount her own painful story in order to emphasise how desperately unhappy married life can be when there is no love on the part of either husband or wife.

This, therefore, is my summing-up in this case. The girl should be absolutely sure that her feelings have altered. If there is any doubt about it, let her go away for a time and put off marriage for a few months. If she is perfectly sure, then the relationship should be broken off, and at once.

It is better to draw back even at the eleventh hour than to enter upon what might become a lifetime of misery for them both.

◆

The ghost from the past is also responsible for my receiving this letter from a girl in Scotland:

"I expect shortly to be married," she says, "and there is one matter which is worrying my future husband and myself. Several years ago he, unfortunately, had an affair with a girl, and she had a baby. When he fell in love with me, he did not try to hide this secret; nor did he shrink from taking his full share of the blame.

"I considered the matter carefully, and, as I got to know him better, I found that this lapse of his did not change my feelings towards him. But I feel strongly that we ought not to have any children of our own. Gossip in this town is the same as elsewhere, and I should dread my children being told, 'That boy is your father's son, born before he married your mother.'

"I feel very strongly about this, but my fiancé does not share my views. He thinks it would be unfair for me to marry under such conditions. I would, of course, like to have children, but think that we should make this sacrifice for the sake of the future."

◆

Now the main features in this letter are these: Both this young man and his future wife would like to have children, but she thinks they ought to deny themselves because he has had a child by another girl.

If my correspondent's point of view prevails, marriage under these conditions would be impossible; its effect would be not to bury the past, but to keep it ever present in the minds of them both.

This young woman is perfectly right in facing the facts, but she is, I think, wrong in the conclusions she has reached; the complications she foresees may never materialise. It may not always be necessary to live in the same town—they may find themselves free to move elsewhere. All sorts of other developments may arise that would make this proposed sacrifice totally unnecessary.

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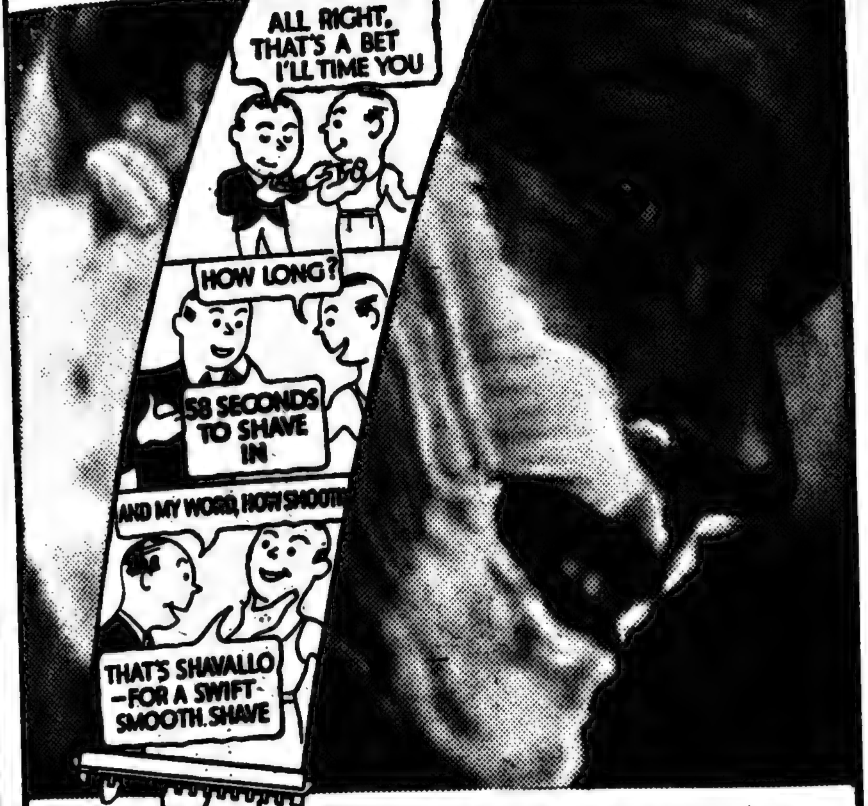
Tell your private troubles to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, enclosing STAMPED envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted by

PHILIP INMAN

IN THE PATH OF THE RAZOR


ALL RIGHT, THAT'S A BET I'LL TIME YOU
HOW LONG?
58 SECONDS TO SHAVE IN
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THAT'S SHAVALLO —FOR A SWIFT SMOOTH SHAVE

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BARBERS USE IT . . .
AND BARBERS *know*
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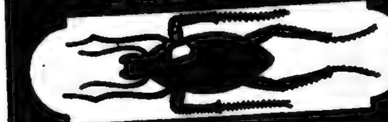

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ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Eno costs 1/6 (double quantity) 2/6

SUN-GLARE HEADACHE -Instant Relief!

Don't let Sun-Glare Headaches mar the pleasure of lovely summer days. At the first sign of pain behind the eyes take Phensic—the quickest and safest Pain-Killer known. Phensic dispels Headaches instantly. As Miss E. M. Evans, of 2, Burmester Road, London, S.W.17, says: "The Phensic Tablets gave instant relief to a most severe Headache—I am never without them now."

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by the Postmaster-General in a special interview with JOHN BULL

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, *the Postmaster-General, sells the first stamp across the counter of the newly opened head office in Dagenham*

I HAVE said recently that "the Post Office is made for man, and not man for the Post Office." That statement emphasises one of the guiding principles of the policy which is pursued by the Post Office in its endeavour to be of the greatest use to the public whose servant it is.

Of all the public services none is so constantly and intimately in touch with every individual as the Post Office, from the young man sending his first love letter to the powerful business organisation with a capital of millions telephoning to all parts of the world.

What trouble and inconvenience negligence on the part of the Post Office would cause in the lives and affairs of the public! And what a great responsibility rests on this great organisation, the efficiency of which generally is taken for granted.

The Post Office handles every year over 6,640,000,000 letters, 46,000,000 telegrams, 1,600,000,000 telephone calls, and safely holds more than £320,000,000 of the public savings. The total value of the transactions with the public is represented by the extraordinary figure of £900,000,000.

Obviously, such a department as the Post Office must keep in close touch with its customers in order to ascertain their desires, and, if reasonable and possible, translate those desires into action.

It was found that many of the services which the Post Office provided for the benefit of the community were unknown by the general public, and, in order that the services should be utilised to their fullest extent, it has been the policy of the Post Office to inform its customers, by the widest possible means, of the manner in which these services can be utilised.

The appointment of a Public Relations Officer to the General Post Office marks an important step in the relationship between the Department and the public.

The appointment has been made in order to ensure that the view of the "man in the street" shall be continually before the Post Office in any decisions arrived at regarding our services.

Educating the public

Another function of the Public Relations Department is to bring the public behind the scenes of this great organisation in order that they may understand fully the manner in which the work is carried on on their behalf. In order to attain this object, exhibitions have been opened and will be opened in the principal towns all over the country, and this venture has met with an extraordinary degree of success.

At these exhibitions members of the public are shown how their letters are dealt with, their telegrams transmitted, and are given some idea of the work of telephone exchanges.

In order further to demonstrate the utility of these services the Post Office has, on many occasions, invited the public to use the services free of charge.

It will be remembered that since the disbandment of the Empire Marketing Board, the Film Library of that organisation has been taken over for an experimental period by the General Post Office, and since then several films have been produced showing many of our varied activities.

These films have been exhibited, free of charge, not only to adults but also to children, since the Post Office—which in this matter enjoys the co-operation and encouragement of the Educational Departments of the country—is convinced that a full knowledge of Post Office services is essential to children leaving school and commencing their careers.

For this reason telephone demonstration sets have been issued to educational authorities throughout the country for installation in schools, and children are now learning how to use the telephone before leaving school.

The Post Office is always anxious to receive practical suggestions for the improvement of the existing services and suggestions for the inauguration of new services, and full consideration is always given to such suggestions.

Business reply cards and envelopes were introduced in April, 1932, at the request of Chambers of Commerce. That this experiment has been a success is proved by the fact that approximately 12,000 licences have already been issued in connection with this service.

On the 1st of June, following representations from dyeing and cleaning firms, the Post Office inaugurated the Postage Forward Parcel service, which is really an extension to parcels of the Business Reply Card scheme.

There is no need to remark on the popularity of the C.O.D. service, though when it first started there were critics who thought that it would not succeed. The Inland Sample Post was reintroduced at the request of traders, and has been very successful.

Helping hand

Some recent innovations are the air mail postcard service, the issue and payment of Telegraph Money Orders up to a limit of £5 at certain post offices on Sundays.

It had been pointed out to us what a convenience this last service would be in cases where perhaps members of the public happened to be stranded without funds—a missed train, or late for an appointment.

The telephone system has been reorganised, and it is now possible to obtain practically any subscriber on the telephone on the "On Demand" system.

Our desire in improving the telephone system is to render it more efficient and more useful to the business community and to the general public.

The extension of the Night Telegraph Letter is a service intended to meet those exasperating cases when the last mail has been missed, and where it is imperative that a communication should be received by the first post the following morning.

All the changes which take place at the Post Office, however, are not confined to the important services, but deal also with small matters which mean so much to people using these services.

It was at the request of members of the public that the Post Office installed in the telephone kiosks a desk upon which a person could place either a handbag or papers and letters whilst telephoning.

Despite the fact that the automatic system has been very successful, we have found that there has been a difficulty on the part of a number of subscribers in dialling correctly.

Get out of bed!

In order to overcome this we are introducing a new instrument, invented by the Post Office engineers, called the Auto Dial. It is an instrument which can be attached to a dial telephone, and by this means any one of a limited number of subscribers can be obtained by depressing a lever instead of dialling a telephone number. The depression of the lever operates the machine, which dials the number itself.

It is at the instance of the business community of this country that we have developed to such a great extent our overseas communications, and to-day London stands unchallenged as the world's switchboard. To-day any business man can go to his telephone and speak to any one of 32,000,000 of the total of 35,000,000 telephone subscribers in the world.

The Post Office telephone service performs many minor functions that are rarely heard of.

Do you know that you can be wakened in the morning by your telephone? Do you know that you can be reminded of any appointment that you wish to keep by your telephone exchange?

Do you know that you can have the services of a messenger by telephoning to your local Post Office, and do you know that your telegram will cost you less if you use the telephone number in the address?

These are a few of the many minor services which the Post Office renders to the public, and in giving a brief survey of the manner in which we endeavour to help people, I trust that I have demonstrated that the Post Office is endeavouring still further to become an efficient and well-conducted organisation desirous of giving to the public the very finest service possible.

A HOLIDAY SURPRISE that will thrill you is announced in the supplement. It's new—exciting—the most delightful Presentation ever made by JOHN BULL to its readers. Turn to the supplement and act without delay.

Both said...

"only the best will please *me*"

(BUT OH THE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR WASHING...)

SHE *fondly fancies* she washes perfectly, but a little dirt gets left behind each wash-day and gradually her linens look grey and drab.

SHE *makes certain* of perfect whiteness because she uses Persil's safe oxygen-charged soapsuds. You can't keep linen perfect any other way.

EVEN when you think you're getting perfect results with ordinary washing fine dirt gradually gets left behind deep down in the weave of the fabric and bit by bit your linens lose colour.

Only Persil's unique action brings perfect whiteness, because Persil is good mild soap made active by oxygen. Use Persil alone—there's no need to add anything else to get perfect results.

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THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 462-71-05 JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

SPRATTS CROONERISMS . . . . No. 9.

"I want you.. I need you"

Fancy Jock, who used to shy away from biscuits, actually sighing for them! But it's not so fantastic. You see, these are Bonio on which he's lavishing his most languishing glances, and Bonio are no ordinary biscuits. They're shaped like the sort of bones a dog likes best, and have such a lovely meaty taste, that no dog, however biscuit-shy, can resist them. Give your dog the biscuit that's fun as well as food . . . . . .

SPRATT'S

The bone-shaped biscuit BONIO

Buy in 6d. and 1/- cartons.

FREE 100-PAGE BOOK. Write for 'Guide to Dog Management,' which will help you to give your dog expert care and consideration. SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3.

What's FRED Been Doing TO His HAIR?

Everybody has noticed it. He is looking so smart and so well groomed lately! Even after the hardest day his hair is still sleek and shining and unruffled. Fred has been using HARLENE HAIR CREAM—the latest and best Hair Toilet Aid for men. It gives an air of distinction and a sleekness and polish which is eminently natural, and sets the hair without the least semblance of hardness.

HARLENE HAIR CREAM is sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 7½d., 1/1½ and 2/- per bottle.

FREE

Every man who takes a pride in his appearance is invited to try Harlene Hair Cream FREE. Just send 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing and we will send you a large sample bottle by return of post. Then you can actually see for yourself what a difference it will make to your hair and your appearance. Write AT ONCE to Edwards' Harlene (O.869), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

HARLENE HAIR CREAM

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SONGO

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PREVENTS ALL TRAVEL SICKNESS. Seasickness, Bus Sickness, Air and Train Sickness. SONGO [illegible] ensures a jolly cruise or journey. Guaranteed in every case and absolutely harmless. Chemists, 1/3 and 3/6, or Post Free. VANDER, LTD. (Dept. [illegible]), 150, PITT STREET, GLASGOW.

Information for all who shave.

The perfect blade in the making.

Do you realise what a very delicate thing the edge of a Razor Blade is? To insure the edge is not damaged, special care has to be taken in packing. It seems almost incredible, but if the edge of the razor blade comes into contact with the wax paper in which it is wrapped, it loses some of its keenness. The machinery which Steads have installed and use for packing is the very latest and best.

Know the MEANING of TRUE SHAVING COMFORT—USE

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

FROM the STEAD WALLET 7 BLADES for 6d.

Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Book Stalls and all good Dealers & Chemists stock them.

FREE Post this Coupon in an unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to-day and you will receive post free a sample "Stead Blade" in a "Stead" Wallet.

To J. Stead & Co., Ltd., Manor Works, Sheffield. Please send me Free Sample "Stead" Blade in Wallet.

Name ....

Address ....

....

If YOU FEEL
—LIVERISH
—DYSPEPTIC
—SLUGGISH
—LISTLESS
—RUN-DOWN

Take Beecham's Pills TO-NIGHT and feel better in the morning. This world-famous purely vegetable remedy will tone, regulate and purify your system and remove the CAUSE of Constipation. Gently, safely, certainly, Beecham's Pills put you right internally—*making* and *keeping* you fit. They are the secret of happy youth, Healthy Maturity and Vigorous Old Age. Ideal for men and women of all ages. Sold everywhere.

Take Beecham's PILLS
Worth A Guinea A Box

RHEUMATISM
Relief or
WE BEAR COST OF TREATMENT

This famous 88 years old remedy gives such wonderful relief from pain that the proprietors of Eade's Pills rely entirely on SUCCESS for their profits. They actually offer to refund your money in full, after you have taken three-quarters of your first bottle of Eade's Pills, unless you are satisfied that they are relieving you, no matter how badly you have been suffering from rheumatism, rheumatic gout, gout, sciatica or lumbago!

FREE!
Unless you are delighted with the result, return the remaining contents of the bottle and its original wrapper to George Eade Ltd. (Dept. K4), 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1, and YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IN FULL.

WRITE FOR Free Booklet on the treatment and diet for rheumatism, also free sample of Eade's Anodyne, which is marvellously effective for use in conjunction with Eade's Pills. All post free on application to above address.

EADE'S PILLS
1/3 and 3/- a bottle from all Chemists.
Refuse all Substitutes.

10/- GIVEN
For ANY Box Camera, ANY Make, ANY Condition. In exchange for Famous Ensign FOLDING Camera, Rapid ALL-DISTANCE lens, 3 speed shutter, takes popular 3¼ x 2¼ roll films, brilliant finder, list 27/6. Very Latest Model. Send 17/6 and your Box Camera NOW, post 6d. and get yours for use these holidays. Money refunded if not Delighted. Camera Case FREE. Send NOW. Tell your Friends. 144 Gaslight Papers 3¼ x 2¼ 2/3, post 3d. Daylight 2/3. All Makes Cameras supplied. Exchanges. Catalogue 6d.
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SOLID ZAM-BUK
For Piles use this famous herbal ointment in the form of soluble suppositories. Best left in position at night. It cures while you sleep. Ask for "Zam-Buk Suppositories." Price 1/3 box, of all chemists.
CURES PILES

£8,000,000 TUNNEL SCANDAL

FACTS that MUST BE TOLD

Left: A "junction chamber" in the Mersey Tunnel. Above: One of six buildings containing the ventilating plant for the tunnel

AS all the world has been let know, the communities of Merseyside have this week set the seal upon the greatest piece of civic enterprise of the century and the most glittering achievement of its kind in the history of engineering.

The Mersey Tunnel between Liverpool and Birkenhead has just been formally opened—the longest, widest and deepest under-water roadway ever built by man.

There is good reason, therefore, for the pageantry and festival now brightening sombre Merseyside, and the people in those parts of Lancashire and Cheshire—thorough as they are in everything — are rendering full justice to the programme of celebration and gaiety.

A stranger visiting Liverpool and district to-day, to observe the organised rejoicings and depending on official sources for information, would be led to believe that the completion and opening of the great tunnel has inspired immense pride and enthusiasm among the local populations.

Perhaps the official mind has come to believe this to be true, but it is far from being so.

The cheering and festivity in that part of the country this week has lacked the inspiration of sincerity. The jubilation over the tunnel itself has all the appearance of being forced and stage-managed.

FOR the people of Merseyside feel that they have been deceived about this tunnel. The manner in which they believe they have been imposed upon has a lesson which should be understood by the rest of the country.

They recognise readily and generously, of course, the success of the engineers and the superb contribution which their skill has made to national transport and commercial development by providing the vital link of a through highway from one coast of England to the other—an unbroken thoroughfare from any point on the North Sea coast into the valleys of Wales and to the Atlantic.

But to them personally the tunnel represents grim falsification of prophecies and promises.

Its construction has cost the astounding sum of not less than £8,000,000—60 *per cent. more than was estimated.*

From the beginning there has been bungling, want of vision, and almost incredible miscalculation.

The consequence is that Liverpool and Birkenhead have been saddled with a debt-burden which — even with a crippling addition to their rates of fivepence in the £—will not be discharged in two generations.

The blunders and the unexpectedly heavy expenditure cannot be excused on the ground that confusion was caused by the plans and work having to be executed with rush and without knowledge of the responsibilities involved. It is eighty years since the project for a road tunnel below the Mersey to supplant the necessarily slow and clumsy ferry services was first put forward.

THE truth is that when the scheme was adopted ten years ago, the idea of a tunnel under the river had become a kind of obsession with a small group of individuals—most of them have since died—who were determined to impose their will upon the community.

Their zeal far outran their judgment. They gambled with their idea, foolishly closing their eyes and minds to the possible commitments and blindly hoping that luck would pull them through.

Experience has now so chastened even their most perfervid supporters that, if the clock could be put back for ten years, not one of them would say a word in favour of the tunnel enterprise.

Even Sir Thomas White, the present chairman of the Tunnel Committee, declares that he is positive that if they were to commence afresh the consideration of the elimination of the Mersey for cross-country traffic, no human being would vote for this tunnel if he knew what it would cost.

It is not that a method of replacing the antiquated ferry services is unwanted or that the tunnel now open may not in time justify its construction. In fact, it represents by far the most important addition to the national communications made this century.

As such, it should have been a national, not a local charge. Liverpool and Birkenhead are condemned to pay heavily and indefinitely for a contribution to the transport system of the country for which they have no sort of responsibility.

IT is true that the great tunnel is capable of carrying swiftly in one month all the wheel traffic which crosses the Mersey in a year. That does not mean that it is expected that the volume of traffic will increase twelve times, but, even if it did, the expansion would bring no gain to the city and the borough on the opposite banks of the Mersey which have to pay so dearly for providing the new facilities.

The people of Liverpool and Birkenhead are not allowed to use the tunnel as pedestrians, and even their tramcars and omnibuses must not pass through.

It is the worst case yet of the application of the unjust principle, now being foisted on different parts of the country, of local ratepayers being saddled with the cost of what is essentially and almost wholly a national service.

Even the estimated cost of the tunnel —£5,000,000—when work began upon it nine years ago was a burden far too great for one community to bear. Is it any wonder that dissatisfaction is so rife when the actual cost has been found to be £3,000,000 more?

It is not the engineers who have been responsible for piling up this amazing additional expenditure. Great as their achievement has been, they decry the glorification of their work into any marvellous or miraculous piece of engineering. Most of it they found to be astonishingly easy and requiring only the practice of accuracy.

But their work was almost utterly ruined by the gross financial inaccuracy of the fathers of the scheme.

By far the worst of these frightful blunders was the original provision of something like £50,000 for the ventilation of the tunnel. The engineers were appalled when they were given the specifications. They were being asked virtually to build a death-trap.

By the magnificent ventilating system now substituted, all danger from explosion, fire and poisonous air has been removed, and the atmosphere in the tunnel throughout its three-mile course is far more pure than it is on the surface!

But the cost of rectifying that terrible miscalculation alone has not been £50,000, but £1,500,000.

WHEN the noise of the official rejoicing over the opening of the tunnel dies down, the authorities might well give the full story and explanation of this and similar scandalous errors to the ratepayers. They will have to pay dearly for them and surely deserve the information.

They might also at the same time be informed of the manner in which huge sums—believed to be at least 12 per cent. of the total expenditure—have been paid as "compensation" to the owners of property under which the tunnel passes.

How much property in Liverpool and Birkenhead, it is desirable to know, was bought by speculators with the sole object of holding a pistol at the heads of the tunnel promoters until their demands were satisfied?

It is known that to a very large extent the schemes of these speculators were frustrated by the secrecy with which the plans for the tunnel were designed. As the money which, even then, has had to be paid is understood to be abnormal in amount, it would be best if all the facts were made publicly known.

When the truth regarding the extent of these payments is revealed and full explanation given of the colossal cost of the tunnel caused by reckless judgment, the rest of the country will solidly support the people of Merseyside in a demand that they should be relieved of the vast liability incurred in their name.

SIDE-SLIPS

2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side Slips."

HALIFAX COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"She wore a CORSET of orange blossom."

SOUTH WALES VOICE:—"His wife had aggravated him all the time about buying TUBS for the tyres."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"Clean-shaven, sandy hair, going BOLD at the front."

IRELAND'S OWN:—"The northern side of Dublin Castle comprises a DOOMED erection."

WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—"He has put his HEAD to this plough."

EXPRESS AND STAR:—"Aston Villa were hoping to complete the transfer to-day, and HUMOUR had it that the fee would be £11,000."

YOUTHFUL VITALITY CAN BE YOURS

RETAIN YOUNG VIGOUR!

"It is wonderful to have that feeling of youthful vitality after suffering for many months with Neuralgia, Nervy Depression and Debility. I had no appetite and was dreadfully run down. I was sleepless at night and during the day had to have my work done for me. I tried everything I could think of but found no benefit until I tried Phosferine and I began to feel myself again. I was surprised at the quick results, and I can do my work, sleep well at night and have regained all my energy. Phosferine has made me a different woman and I can recommend Phosferine to enjoy renewed vitality."

Miss G. R. Pratt, 2, Spring Gardens, Hawthorne Avenue, Hull.

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Influenza
Lassitude
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Gastric Pains
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Headache
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Neuralgia
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From Chemists, Tablets or Liquid, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-

Have a Capstan!

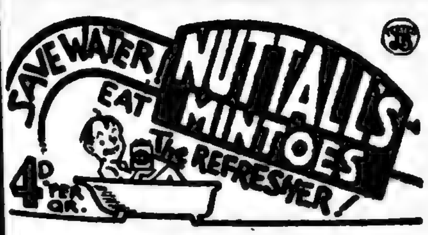
Navy Cut
Cigarettes

10 FOR 6D.
20 FOR 11½D.

Plain or
Cork Tipped

—you'll like it better

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd CC442.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NUTTALL'S
MINTOES
The REFRESHER!
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Help Kidneys

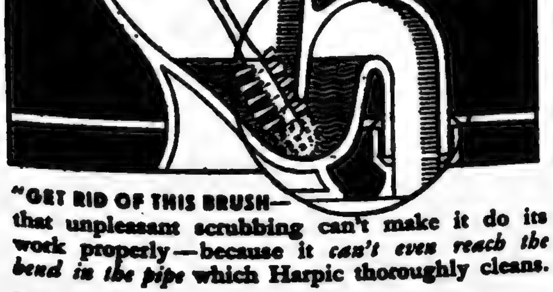
● If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting ● Itching or Acidity, try the Guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) Treatment. Must cure or money back. At Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists.

50 Solid Silver Cider TANKARDS FREE!

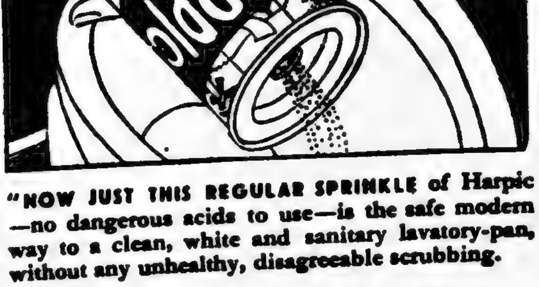
Enter this simple Competition! No Entrance Fee!

Select what in your opinion is the order of merit of the ten testimonials published in the BULMER CIDER announcement on p. 14. Nothing more—nothing less. Simple, isn't it? To the first 50 replies which coincide with Mr. Bulmer's opinion, a Solid Silver Tankard will be awarded FREE!

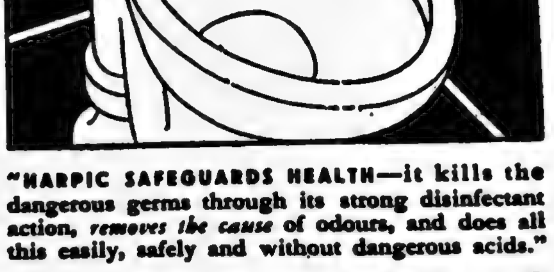
"I'VE NO NEED TO FEEL UNEASY ABOUT THE LAVATORY NOW....."



"**GET RID OF THIS BRUSH**—that unpleasant scrubbing can't make it do its work properly—because it *can't even reach the bend in the pipe* which Harpic thoroughly cleans.



"**NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE** of Harpic—no dangerous acids to use—is the safe modern way to a clean, white and sanitary lavatory-pan, without any unhealthy, disagreeable scrubbing.



"**HARPIC SAFEGUARDS HEALTH**—it kills the dangerous germs through its strong disinfectant action, *removes the cause* of odours, and does all this easily, safely and without dangerous acids."

HARPIC CLEANS and DISINFECTS LAVATORY-PANS. 6d. 1/- & 1/9

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HULL AND LONDON

HARPIC

Weak Kidneys
CAUSE UNTOLD AGONIES
Don't be a Too-old, Worn-out Man

Down-dragging weakness, constant dull pain in the back, bladder trouble, exhaustion, impure blood, uric acid pains, bad nights, feeling too-old, worn-out . . . something must be done quickly.

Weak kidneys are the real cause of these painful, crippling troubles. You want to get back manly vigour, the strength to enjoy your work and pleasures.

HEALTHY KIDNEYS REMOVE URIC ACID

Well then, start with De Witts Kidney and Bladder Pills now. This famous remedy makes you feel fine and vigorous. It conquers weak back, tired-out, too-old feeling.

In 24 hours you see their quick, blood-purifying action. Persevere, and your body pains, your weakness will end. No more exhausted feeling. Others will envy your new-found health and strength.

You surely want to be pain-free, healthy and happy—well, get the remedy tried and trusted for 50 years and remember the name—

DE WITTS
BRAND
Kidney and Bladder PILLS

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3-. Larger, more economical size, 5-.

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

INDIGESTION
HERE IS PROMPT RELIEF
FREE

Do you suffer from Heartburn, Wind, Belching or Palpitation? Do you have agonising days and restless nights through Gastritis, Dyspepsia, Colitis or Stomach and Duodenal Ulcers? No matter whether your Indigestion is in the slight early stages, or the more serious latter stages, with its intense pain, De Witt's Antacid Powder can help you back to normal health.

No matter what you have tried. No matter if you have almost given up trying to get relief. We do urge you to send for this free sample to-day. We know that if only we can persuade sufferers to give this remedy a trial, they have taken the first step to recovery. This is a bold statement, but the many letters we receive from people who have tried and proved how good this remedy is, show that De Witt's Antacid Powder is an honest and valuable contribution to modern medicine.

We are content to rest on your judgment as to whether the sample has done you good. We know it will. After using the sample you can obtain the full size at all chemists, price 1/6. But send in the Coupon to-day.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

FREE GIFT COUPON

To E. C. De WITT & Co. Ltd.
(Dept. RH2), CROYDON, Surrey.

Please send me, free and post paid, a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss
Address ....
....

Tuck in envelope flap and use ½d. stamp.

The Honeymoon that Gave Us— 100 Years of Photography

Henry Fox Talbot

"The whole world bid for this photograph—and it is still a money-maker to-day"

As a rule centenary celebrations only concern the births or deaths of the famous. But this year, for a change, we are going to commemorate—a honeymoon.

The happy days a young English couple spent on the banks of Lake Como just a hundred years ago are going to be suitably celebrated in the next few weeks all over the civilised world.

For that honeymoon gave the world photography. On one of its most idyllic afternoons the idea was born that has saved hundreds of thousands of lives through the agency of microscopic and X-ray photography, led to the kinematograph, and has transformed life in countless other ways.

And all those modern miracles arose out of a shadow!

The day was a torridly hot one in the late July of 1834. Henry Fox Talbot, young, handsome, and a promising new Member of Parliament, had told his country-girl wife from Wiltshire that he was going to make a sketch of the lake. And she, knowing he was conspicuously unsuccessful with his pencil, stood wonderingly by his side.

With him he had brought a black box known as a camera obscura, a popular toy of the day. Whatever view faced the tiny hole in its side was projected upside down on a glass plate. Watching him put it into position, she soon guessed the ruse he had in mind.

He intended to put a piece of paper over the glass and sketch round the shadow!

First Photograph

He pencilled, strained his eyes,, and pencilled yet again. He traced in the strong outlines of the mountain slopes boldly and the delicate tracery of the foliage sketchily, but the effect he wanted would not come. After half an hour his effort was more like a patch of meaningless scribbling than a mountain scene.

Laughingly, he threw it away.

But then a look of seriousness that was almost stern came into his eyes. He remembered the lesson of his college days—that silver nitrate turns black under the influence of light. He looked at the inverted image of Lake Como on the glass plate and visualised what would happen if he had a suitably chemicalised sheet of paper resting there.

And soon, his mind afire with the plans he had made, he was sailing homeward to put them into effect.

One hundred years ago! . . . How far photography has been carried by the march of progress since then!

Within a few weeks he had produced good results, although they were doomed to fade away in the light. By next year he had learned how to fix them permanently.

And then—how prophetic it was to prove, seeing that the kinema industry has grown out of his discovery—he applied for a patent for what he called "moving pictures."

A wonderful novelty the world thought it—but only a novelty. There was nothing to suggest that it would ever be anything more than a means of making pretty but smudgy pictures and portraits.

Not when the use of glass instead of paper for the original was discovered—and the photographic negative resulted. Not even when a Birmingham man discovered celluloid, nor when an American found it would serve as well as the glass plate, nor when an American clergyman found that many pictures could be taken on one strip of celluloid and the film spool was discovered.

Not until 1889, in fact, was it realised that there were vastly wider fields to explore, and the late Mr. W. Friese-Green was the genius responsible for that.

Movies—B.C.!

Moving pictures were no new thing. The Chinese had discovered them 5,000 years before Christ, using buffalo skin as the film, the sun as an illuminant, and parchment as a screen. Children played with toys that made quaint little figures jump, wink, grin or skip, among them such devices as the Fantascope and the Zoetrope.

But that idea of many pictures on one strip of celluloid set Friese-Green working on moving *photographic* pictures. And so, in 1889, the kinematograph was born.

Since then new discoveries have pressed forward on each other's heels so quickly that it would be impossible to give the order in which they were evolved. Who would care to, seeing that talking-pictures are regarded as something new, when they were actually exhibited in London by Mr. W. E. L. Day, who is still connected with the British film industry, as far back as 1899—the result of synchronising the early kinema with the early gramophone?

If the ghost of that young pioneer, Henry Fox Talbot, could come back to join in the centenary celebrations, how astonished he would be! And if the ghost of his wife could accompany him, what pride would rise in her breast!

They would hear of photographers who had made a fortune out of a single picture—outstanding among them the Spaniard who photographed with an ordinary amateur snap camera the throwing of the bomb at the wedding of the King of Spain.

It was because the explosion made him jump that he pressed the shutter at the critical moment. The whole world bid for the photograph that resulted, and even to-day, after it is reputed to have earned for him £30,000, it is still a money-maker.

The sinking of the German battleship *Blücher* at Jutland, the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, the scuttling of the German Fleet at Scapa, and, to give a recent example, the lying-in-state of the late King of the Belgians after he had met his death on a mountainside, are further instances of single pictures that have netted fortunes for the men lucky enough and enterprising enough to have taken them.

Such things would make Henry Fox Talbot envious. But as he looked round still more, his envy would change to pride.

He would see a new American camera that "snaps" so quickly that it can take ten pictures of an ordinary flash of lightning. Science welcomes that camera. Already it has shown that the flash we see does not go from cloud to earth only, as we always supposed, but bounces backwards and forwards between the two hundreds of times in a fraction of a split second.

Pill-Camera

He would see that wonderful invention the X-ray—made far more efficacious in saving life by virtue of the photographs that can be taken with its aid. And, in addition, the more delicate camera that takes micro-photographs.

Newest of all photographic adjuncts to surgery and medicine, he would see the pin-head camera that is swallowed like a pill complete with its own flash-light apparatus, and by means of which a photograph can be taken of the human inside.

He would see pictures that have been taken of the wind and others of the Oregon mountains taken from a camera 227 miles away.

He would be more astonished than ever at the most recent development of all—infra-red photography.

That can penetrate fog, so much so that liners are using it to pick out details that can't be seen from the bridge even with the help of the strongest telescope. The photographer of s.s. *Manhattan* has taken pictures of objects six miles away during a pea-soup fog and seven and a half miles away through a raging blizzard.

Robot Sculptor

Infra-red makes photography possible in the dark. And so it could actually "snap" a burglar as he goes about his work. It can photograph the seemingly invisible, bringing out boldly writings that have faded away. In that way it has helped already in the detection of forgeries, and, in addition, has enabled us to read age-old hieroglyphics that have faded away.

Finally, he would be interested in an invention that is not yet quite perfected but is rapidly approaching completion, and which, when it is so, will enable busts to be made with a camera.

No fewer than 456 pictures taken with one circuit of the sitter's head will operate on a block of wax in such a way as to melt it into the exact shape of the model's head.

Seeing all these miracles, his mind would go back to the shores of Lake Como, to that wonderful day when he stood there with his bride. . . .

It was a fortunate thing for the world, that he tried that trick with a toy, just a hundred years ago.

MR. H. I. KERR WRITES:—

"When making my greatest efforts I find a pipe of Digger keeps my mind on the job."

PLAYER'S

DIGGER 8D PER OZ

SHAG

P.D.27.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.

Don't overlook the Bargains on pp. 2 & 3.

ECZEMA
RINGWORM
ERUPTIONS
PIMPLES
ULCERS

Use this Amazing Liquid Healer

This searching cure kills germs and draws out irritating impurities from the deepest layers of the skin. It starts the healing process at the very root of your complaint. A trial of D.D.D. Brand Prescription will prove a revelation to you. Get a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist to-day or send a post card for free trial bottle to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.21, FLEET LANE, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

STOPS THE TERRIBLE ITCHING INSTANTLY

SOOTHES AND HEALS

ASTHMA

definitely CONQUERED

AMAZING SUCCESS OF Dr SINGHA'S ASTHMA CURE

INDIAN DOCTOR'S REMARKABLE DISCOVERY !!

Here is the most welcome news that has come to mankind for centuries—Asthma has been defeated. This dread malady, with its serious complications, which has defied medical science in its search for a cure, has now met its doom—finally—definitely—irrevocably. No longer must Asthma sufferers lead lives of misery or endure sleepless pain-racked nights with choking torture in the morning.

FIGHT ASTHMA WHERE IT DEVELOPS

Dr. Singha, an eminent Indian Pathologist, has given to the world Nature's remedy for the DESTRUCTION of Asthma and Bronchitis, which he has named **DR. SINGHA'S ASTHMA CURE.** Already thousands upon thousands have obtained instant and continued relief, regaining their lost vitality and good health, and enjoying to the full freedom from pain, suffering and torture, that they feared could never be shaken off.

Asthma is proved by statistics to be a most dangerous complaint, and is responsible for hundreds of thousands of deaths per annum in England alone. Apart from distress and suffering, it leads, if neglected to serious organic disturbances of the Heart, Lungs, and other vital organs. Dr. Singha's amazing remedy gets right down to the root of the trouble INSTANTLY, attacking Asthma where it starts and develops, removing the cause entirely, and quickly allays dyspnœa of Bronchitis, calming the nervous system and preventing deterioration of other organs.

CLEARS ASTHMA RIGHT OUT OF THE SYSTEM

DR. SINGHA'S ASTHMA CURE cuts short an attack. Its soothing ingredients immediately relieve choking sensations, gasping for breath and enables the tough viscous phlegm to be expelled, relieving congested Bronchial tubes and giving amazing relief, comfort, ease from pain and induces calm, peaceful slumber.

The longer you leave Asthma in your system the firmer grip it will get. Delay is dangerous; get the instant relief that **DR. SINGHA'S ASTHMA CURE** will give and know that a short course of treatment will banish Asthma entirely from your system, no matter how chronic it has become or the number of years it has held you in bondage.

Make up your mind at once to give **DR. SINGHA'S ASTHMA CURE** a trial. Get a first supply from your Chemist. If he has not yet received stocks, send in coupon below.

Test them as directed and in a few short moments you will obtain miraculous relief. Remember that you have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Thousands of one-time sufferers from devastating Asthma convinced themselves of the genuineness of the claims of **DR. SINGHA'S ASTHMA CURE** with a free sample, and were thus encouraged to go on to complete recovery. They had proved the efficiency of the remedy and were satisfied that what it had accomplished in other cases it could do for them.

The results of your first trial will surprise you. It will probably give you the first comfortable night's sleep you have had for years, and you will wake in the morning feeling stronger and astonished to find that your breathing is so much easier. Results are positive, there is nothing left in doubt. Test this wonderful remedy and you will be convinced that life has something left for you after all. Do not be discouraged because you have tried other remedies and have failed to obtain relief. **DR. SINGHA'S ASTHMA CURE** is different. It is hailed by the medical profession and the public alike as being the greatest advance in medical science of the century.

£5 000 GUARANTEE

The Testimonials reproduced above, with others which can be inspected at our offices, are every one genuine and unsolicited. We will pay the sum guaranteed to any nominated charity if this can be proved otherwise.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Do not be misled by the extravagant claims of worthless imitations, which are a waste of money **INSIST ON THE ORIGINAL DR. SINGHA'S INDIAN FORMULA** which bears the facsimile of the famous Doctor's signature on the carton, and which alone is GENUINE!

PROOF OF CONQUEST

Read the unsolicited testimonial extracts reproduced below. Originals can be seen at our offices at any time.

Only Asthmatics who have suffered the tortures of this terrible complaint can appreciate what these letters mean. They are human documents, spontaneous expressions of joy and gratitude, truth in every line. Do not delay, fill in coupon and take advantage of Dr. Singha's great offer, which will free you from the shackles of Asthma and release you from the thraldom of pain and disease.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Mrs. H. T. The Tablets are indeed wonderful—worth their weight in gold. It is now three months since my husband had an attack, thanks to Dr. Singha's marvellous treatment.

ASTHMA COMPLETELY LEFT ME.

Mrs. A. C. I was in bed in a terrible state when the samples came, but what a miracle! Within half an hour after taking the first tablet I slept, and slept all night without even coughing. Ever since the Asthma has completely left me, and know that at last I have found a cure.

SUFFERED 7 YEARS. TRIED EVERYTHING.

Mrs. C. I suffered 7 years. Tried everything. Doctors' injections and spent pounds trying to get relief. Even the sample of Dr. Singha's did me good. I had four bottles and never had it (Asthma) since. I am sending your book to another sufferer. 1/6/34.

A DOCTOR WRITES:

I have used your Asthma Tablets in many of my cases with excellent results. A relative of mine, an Asthmatic for 40 years, is now almost completely free from this dread complaint.
G. B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. 20/4/34.

NEW MAN IN 10 MINUTES.

Mr. J. I have slept nightly ever since I took the first Tablet without coughing at all. Within 10 minutes of taking it I was a new man.

SAMPLE BROUGHT RELIEF.

Mr. E. I have taken your samples. They have had a most wonderful effect.

DOCTOR RECOMMENDS.

Mrs. F. W. I have been recommended by my Doctor to write for your Tablets.

A HARLEY STREET LUNG SPECIALIST WRITES:

Your Asthma Tablets quickly cut short an attack in Chronic cases. They do their work well. They should be prescribed widely. London. 31/1/34.

NOT A SINGLE ATTACK AFTER 40 YEARS' ASTHMA.

Mr. P. J. S. Not a single attack since taking your Tablets six months ago. Jolly good after more than 40 years' suffering.

COMPLETELY CURED AFTER 73 YEARS.

C. S. My Doctor came to see me and told me there was now NOTHING THE MATTER WITH MY CHEST, so I have been cured of Asthma which I have had all my life. I am now in my 73rd year.

FIT AFTER 7 YEARS' SUFFERING.

L. M. S. I am delighted to tell you that my daughter, aged 14, having been a great sufferer from Asthma since the age of 7, is now quite fit.

UNABLE TO WORK FOR 4 YEARS.

I have been a sufferer for many years, and unable to work for 4 years. I never had anything to do me any good before I tried your remedy.

NO SIGN OF AN ATTACK SINCE.

Miss N. M. Delighted to say I have not had one attack since taking the Tablets. Previous to taking them I had attacks almost every day for years.

NOT ONE ATTACK SINCE SEPTEMBER.

J. B. I am pleased to say that I have not had one attack since I started taking your Tablets last September.

BANISH CATARRH

FREE SAMPLE TEST.

Catarrh is deadly. Don't trifle with it. The symptoms are easily recognised in Blocked Nose, Bleeding Nostrils, Sore Throat, Dry Mouth, Mucus Dropping down Throat, Stomach Disorders, Head Noises, Pain under the Heart, Singing in the Ears, Constipation, etc. Clear it right out of the System with The Dr. Singha (Brand) Catarrh Cure. Get free sample, you will find it wonderful.

Mrs. M. writes:—"*I have had Catarrhal Deafness for 50 years. Dr. Singha's (Brand) Catarrh Cure has done me more good than anything else I have tried.*"

FREE TRIAL COUPON

To, THE Dr. SINGHA CO. LTD. (Dept. J.B.11.),
CAERNARVON, G.B.

Please send without charge Treatise. Testimonials, and
1. Sample of "Dr. Singha's Asthma Tablets." (3d. in stamps enclosed to cover cost of postage and packing.)
2. Sample of The "Dr. Singha (Brand) Catarrh Cure." (3d. in stamps enclosed to cover cost of postage and packing.)

Please cross out which not required.
WRITE PLAINLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME..
(State if Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title.)
ADDRESS..
....
Age..................How long suffered..........................

Obtainable from Boots (all branches), Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists at 3/-, 5/-, 12/- and 20/-.
If any difficulty, a first supply will be sent from the manufacturers.
Free Test obtainable only from The Dr. Singha Co., Ltd., direct.

END UGLY ECZEMA in WORLD'S RECORD TIME!

It's like waving a magic wand—the incredible way in which Germolene Ointment wipes away ugly ECZEMA! But the SPEED with which Germolene heals is only *one* of the properties of this amazing Ointment. At the first touch, it SOOTHES awful itching . . . for good! Then it cleanses away the accumulation of waste matter, and heals in world's record time, leaving your skin as clear and fresh as a baby's. Read this grateful letter:—

"I had Eczema very bad, not dry but wet, and as I tried lots of remedies without getting any results, a friend recommended to me Germolene, and after the first box I was able to see it all dry up."—R. W., 6, Talbot Street, Holbeck, Leeds.

Only ONE TIN of Germolene was enough, even after many other remedies had failed! Profit by this sufferer's experience TO-DAY! Get your tin of

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1/3&3/-

For dry or weeping Eczema—any sort of Rash—Germolene Ointment will bring instant soothing, world's fastest healing.

WINNINGS BY RETURN.

LETTER COMMISSIONS

1/-, 2/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-

UP TO ANY AMOUNT

MAY BE INVESTED BY LETTER

in accordance with rules.

STEWARDS' CUP

ST. LEGER

BIG ODDS—EVERY HORSE QUOTED

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race WILL BE ON at FULL STARTING PRICE (or Totalisator Odds if desired).

Registered letters must be posted overnight.

GREYHOUND RACING

Commissions accepted for all meetings licensed by the N.G.R.C.

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE

FOR SINGLE EVENTS.

FREE POSTAGE

EVERY COMMISSION ACKNOWLEDGED WITH STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

——USE THIS COUPON——

Please send Greyhound Rules and Long Odds Future Events Price Lists. I am over 21 years of age.

Name ....

Address ....

Town ....

County .... J.B.

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H MAURICE LTD

227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

MEANEST TRICK *Ever Played on Me*

MY ship, a coasting vessel, was sailing at midnight for Cardiff. In the evening a smart young fellow came aboard and asked for me—the skipper.

He told me a tale about having been robbed during his holiday, and he asked me if I could give him a passage to Cardiff, as his home was in South Wales.

I assented, gave him food, and then went ashore, leaving him resting in my cabin. When I returned later he had disappeared, and with him had gone everything of value.—*"Skipper Jack," Plumstead.*

Tell-Tale

An ex-soldier was about to invest his life-savings in the worthless business where I was employed as errand-boy. To me ex-soldiers were heroes, and when, from his conversation, I learned he was buying the shop, which I knew was not paying and would mean his ruin, I determined to speak.

In strict confidence I told him all I knew. A few enquiries soon proved my words, and he refused to complete the deal, telling my "boss" that he had got his warning from me.

It was a mean trick on a youngster who had saved him.—*B. H., Brighton.*

Turning Point

A youthful reporter attached to a small provincial newspaper, I obtained an exclusive interview with a well-known visitor to the district.

He made a number of startling statements, and I was delighted to see how largely my interview figured in the columns of my paper that evening.

Disaster for me followed, however, for the visitor became uneasy at seeing his remarks in cold print, and denied the report as a tissue of lies, and even that he had ever seen me.

That mean trick made me turn my back upon journalism as a career.—*"Ink-saver," Perry Barr.*

False Accusation

The shop was crowded, and the heat and jostling made me feel faint. A dear, motherly old woman put her arm round me and led me towards a chair. Then I fainted.

I recovered in what proved to be the manager's office. Several pairs of silk stockings were on the table, and the motherly old woman, white and sullen, scowled at me.

She was a shoplifter. When I fainted she saw the detective making for her, and stuffed her loot in my bag—then accused me of stealing them! Luckily, the detective had seen her, and arrested her.—*"Typist," Surrey.*

Vanished!

I commenced my "busking act" to a crowded company at a local fair in the Midlands. Everyone seemed to be thoroughly enjoying my entertainment, and in a short time all were "dancing mad."

A fellow offered to go round with my hat, and coppers were going in quite merrily. Then, to the astonishment of myself and also the company, the collector, collection and practically a new hat vanished among the crowd.—*"Banjo," Staffs.*

Lost Job

It was raining heavily, and the last 'bus was crowded. Two men sought to mount.

"Sorry," I said, "the law allows no standing." When they tried to force their way on I, as conductor of the 'bus, threatened to call the police.

Then the men pointed out they had no overcoats, that they were already drenched, and, if I refused to take them, they would have to walk ten miles. I gave in on compassionate grounds, but it cost me my job. I had been meanly tricked by two plain-clothes policemen.—*"Ex-Conductor," Kettering.*

Realised Too Late

While motoring on a lonely Cornish road I had the misfortune to run out of petrol. Not knowing when the next motorist would come along I decided to walk on and find a garage.

After I had gone about three miles a car overtook me, and the driver, upon hearing of my plight, sold me some "juice," and also charged me the usual three shillings for the tin.

I realised the meanness of his trick when I tried to start my car with a tank filled with water.—*S. C., E.13.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

Stupid Joke

A wireless operator serving up in the hills of India, it was my turn for duty.

An electrical storm was in progress as I approached the wireless station door, and, grasping the metal handle, I received a shock which almost threw me off my feet.

Instead of earthing the wireless set, as was his duty, the previous operator was fooling with the earth lead, and, seeing me approaching, thought it would be a good joke if he electrified the door handle.

But for the fact that I was wearing rubber shoes the consequences might have been serious.—*"Vic Eddie," Blackburn.*

Went Away

During a bad spell of unemployment I became an insurance canvasser. Included in my "new business" was the only child of a couple who appeared to be desperately poor.

Not only did I pay away all my commission on their behalf, but continued the payments until severe illness caused my removal to hospital.

I was away for several months. In the meantime the child died, and the parents received payment from the company. On leaving the hospital I learned that they had gone away without a word of thanks or enquiry and leaving no address.—*R. M., New Cross.*

Betrayed

The meanest trick ever played on me was when they put me in khaki. They paid me a shilling a day, and said that when the war was won I should return to a land fit for heroes to live in. They promised me employment and security for the rest of my days. And now . . .

I have to keep a wife and family on a meagre allowance from the Public Assistance Committee.—*H. S., Beccles.*

Metal Discs

Times were hard, but I walked home with a light heart that day. I had tasted to the full that too rare "milk of human kindness," and to one who was compelled to rely upon the charity of the passer-by, the feeling was indeed a delicious one.

My wife, a frail little woman, met me at the door, and to her I told the good tidings of a Samaritan who had given not once, but many times that day.

To-day, with my sight restored, I should like to meet that "joker" with the valueless metal discs.—*"Once Blind," Handsworth.*

Violated Promise

A girl I worked with introduced me to her brother, whose wife was in an asylum. Later, we fell in love, and my girl friend continually urged me to be modern, give up my job and go to live with him as his wife.

Eventually I did so, only to discover when too late that his wife had had to leave him owing to his vile temper. My colleague stepped into my job—one she had long coveted—and violated her promise of secrecy.

It has been a hard and bitter struggle to forget that mean trick and start life afresh.—*L. P., London.*

Kept Quiet

Mourning the death of my husband, I was paid a call by his foreman and wife to offer sympathy. He gave my youngest child a florin, and the five-year-old boy a half-crown.

Having left, the woman returned, said there'd been a mistake, and exchanged the coins for two separate shillings.

I kept quiet, for I didn't want to make trouble between man and wife, but I thought a lot, for I knew the husband to be both a generous and kindly individual.—*"Widow," Notts.*

* * *

There was a vacancy at a near-by works and I told my best friend I was going after it. When I arrived the job had been given to another—my best friend.—*A. J., Birmingham.*

He said he would teach me to swim, but went off with other friends, leaving me to splash around on my own.—*"Joan," Tooting.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, July 24.

My Hint for a Week of Kindness.

(See Article on page 5.)

Race with "Silver Ring"

CUP COUPS

THE Eclipse Stakes, Liverpool Cup, Molyneux Cup, Stewards' Cup and Goodwood Stakes come up for decision within a fortnight.

Garry, my long-shot for the biggest gamble of the year, the Stewards' Cup, may not be a rod in pickle, but with 7 st. 9 lb. he is certainly nicely in.

A reader writes asking how can I tip the son of The Black Abbot in view of his failure at Sandown.

I am content to pass over this race in favour of the form displayed at Ascot, when Garry finished a head and a short head behind Gold Bridge—the fastest horse in the country—and Furroka Siyar.

Myrobella, Morstone, Rosemary's Pet and other top-class sprinters were in the rear.

Garry, carrying 8 st. 12 lb., was receiving 19 lb. from Gold Bridge, and as the race was run I considered him a very unlucky loser.

If you put Gold Bridge in the Stewards' Cup with 9 st. 4 lb., backers would give him plenty of support.

Lord Derby has not got a representative in the Liverpool Cup, which is unusual. Of the thirteen acceptors I like best Cotoneaster.

Coroado and Gold Bridge lead the handicap for the Molyneux Cup. Gold Bridge may win, but he has to concede many of his rivals nearly 3 stone.

My selections for Sandown Park are King Salmon for the Eclipse, Diamantee for the Sandown Anniversary Cup and Jovial Judge for the Warren Plate.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 19, to Wednesday, July 25.

A	Q	C	93	B	94	M	P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O
K	H	J	I	95	E	D	V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

GZKD9498JS would read FLAMENCO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

9A.M....

... no need to powder again today!

Men dislike to see a woman constantly dabbing powder on her nose. But, many girls think there is no other way to prevent their skin from becoming shiny and glistening. I have found, however, that when a good face powder is blended with Mousse of Cream, as in Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder, it stays on all day in spite of wind, rain or even while dancing in a warm ballroom.

Besides being adherent and invisible, Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder is a splendid skin tonic, stimulating the tissues and never clogging the pores. Now, I always have a smooth, clear, delicate complexion that the girls envy and all men admire. The man who recently proposed to me says it is my lovely skin and complexion that first attracted him.

You will only need to powder once a day—for Poudre Tokalon *does stay on.* 6d. and 1/- a box.

PILES ENDED
WITHOUT SURGERY
OUR FREE OFFER

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful powers of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment are amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application, and effects a cure in the shortest possible time. Read what our cured patients say:—

Mr. P. H., of Cardiff, writes:—"I suffered for two years and spent pounds trying to get ease, with no result. Now, within three weeks of using the Magic Pile Cure, all pain and swelling has gone. I consider the treatment worth its weight in gold."

Mrs. F., of Kingston, says:—"The Magic Pile Cure has worked wonders with me. After suffering for six months I am now quite cured."

With the Magic Pile Cure there is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced; no harmful drugs to undermine the system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. **Try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day and a complete 5/- Treatment will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.**

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.21 NEW COURT, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

SUMMER CATARRH | STUFFY COLDS | HAY FEVER

Amazing Remedy

"Nostroline" instantly relieves Catarrh, Summer Colds or Hay Fever. Clears head, opens breathing passages. Ends nose and throat trouble. 1/3 all Chemists.

Free Sample from "Nostroline." J.39, Clifton, Bristol.

'NOSTROLINE'

FREE!

★ A FIRST AID BOOKLET

which should be in Every home! Fill in the coupon in the BAND-AID advt. on p. 24 or write mentioning *John Bull* to Johnson and Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

Give your teeth a treat

Brush your teeth every morning and evening with Euthymol Tooth Paste, and know the joys of always having a clean fresh mouth. Euthymol kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds and keeps the teeth beautifully white and clean.

Your chemist sells large 1s. 3d. tubes, or a week's supply is yours for the asking.

FREE OFFER
Write to Dept. 67/72, Euthymol, 50 Beak St., London, W.1, for a week's supply of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Big Winners in Crossword Competition No. 266.

In the above Competition, correct Solutions were received from the following six competitors, who share the £600 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Contest, a cheque for £100 will be sent:—

Mrs. L. Agnew, 5, Laburnum Avenue, Swinton, Manchester.
Mrs. A. J. Armitage, 4, Aldersey Place, Guildford.
S. Burrows, 10, Wheatfield Trs., Northampton.
E. H. Jackson, 7, Station Road, Horsforth, near Leeds.
Mrs. F. G. Neate, 1, Priest Hill, Caversham, Reading.
S. Wilde, 25, Virginia Street, Southport.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a Solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, July 31, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 90 competitors from whom we received Solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 13s. 4d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

Bonus Winners in Crossword No. 264: *Sixty-one competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £1 12s. 10d. have been despatched.*

Another great "John Bull" X-Word Contest is on page 36. Try your skill now.

RELIEVES SKIN IRRITATIONS

quickly and easily

For sufferers from itching, burning affections, eczema, pimples, rashes, red, rough skin, sore, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, cuts, burns and all forms of disfiguring blotches, prompt relief may be found by anointing with **Cuticura Ointment**. It quickly soothes and soon heals.

Price 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS

BULMER'S COMPETITION RESULT

The following have each been awarded a SOLID SILVER CIDER TANKARD for their replies in the fourth Bulmer contest. Details of another Bulmer contest are announced on page 14.

Mrs. J. B. Baglow, Rose Hill, Eveswell Park Rd., Newport, Mon.
Miss M. J. Branson, 61, Great Head Rd., Leamington Spa.
Mrs. May Brewer, "Warwick House," St. George's Ave., Grays, Essex.
Mrs. R. Booth, 108, Dickenson Rd., Rusholme, Manchester, 14.
Mrs. W. Bowper, 195, Briercliffe Rd., Burnley, Lancs.
Mrs. M. L. Colledge, 11, Macnaughten Rd., Tankersley, nr. Barnsley, Yorks.
Rose Dawson, "Lynton," 3, Princess Drive, Borrowash, Derby.
Mrs. E. Dennis, 1, Russell Terr., St. David's Hill, Exeter, Devon.
Miss D. Dobell, 28, Yorkshire St., Burnley, Lancs.
Mrs. McDonald, 12, Waverley Rd., Nairn, Scotland.
Miss Grace Ferguson, 74, Heathdene Rd., Streatham Common, London, S.W.16.
Mrs. N. Gregson, 23, Stratford Ave., Smithills, Bolton.
Mrs. Beatrix Gilbert, 1, Pembury Ave., Penwortham, Preston.
Mrs. Florence Godwin, "Rocklease," Filton, Glos.
M. Goth, Sandown, I.O.W.
Mrs. Hanson, 87, Drummond St., Rotherham.
Mrs. M. Harper, 6, Harbord Rd., Colman Rd., Norwich.
Mrs. M. Whitworth-Harrison, Chilton Rectory, Didcot, Berks.
Miss E. Harvey, Warboys, Hunts.
Mrs. S. Heslop, 47, Hale Rd., Wallasey.
Mrs. A. Holland, 22, Wyndham, Ogmore Vale, Glam.
Mrs. Horton, 100, New Spring St., Brookfield, Birmingham.
Margaret Jamieson, L.R.A.M., St. Andrew's Club, Whitehall Court, London.
Mrs. B. Larkin, 13, Alexandra Rd., Brecon.
Mrs. Lewis, 13, Poulett Rd., East Ham, E.6.
Peggy Lines, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.
Mrs. L. Lowndes, 6, Henley Ave., Bradford, Yorks.
Mrs. A. MacTier, 68, Church Walk, Worthing.
Mrs. V. Martin, 36, Eaton Rd., Dover, Kent.
Mrs. W. Milford, Prospect House, West Stoughton, Wedmore, Somerset.
Miss B. E. S. Morris, 68, Glengarry Rd., East Dulwich, S.E.22.
Miss D. Musson, 21, Southern Rd., W. Southbourne, Hants.
Mrs. Gertrude Newberry, 9, Greenford Ave., Southall, Middlesex.
Miss B. E. Noble, Pinewood Sanatorium, Wokingham, Berks.
Mrs. G. M. Paterson, Braemar, 249, Wolverhampton Rd., Oldbury, Birmingham.
Mrs. C. Preece, 55, Corn St., Witney, Oxon.
Mrs. Elizabeth E. Pilley, 6, Sandown Crescent, Gorton Estate, Manchester.
Mrs. J. A. Shaw, Rowney Green, Alvechurch, Birmingham.
Mrs. D. Stevens, Sibford-Ferris, nr. Banbury, Oxon.
Miss E. Smith, 43, Harbury Rd., Cannon Hill, Birmingham.
Mrs. E. Sutton, 20, Kendon Rd., S.W.4.
Mrs. Tankard, Dalvern, Crowborough, Sussex.
Miss Marjorie Toplis, 112, Clapton Common, London, E.5.
Mrs. L. Turley, 34, Claremont Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham.
Mrs. Webb, Old Boughrood House, Brecon.
Mrs. H. M. Williams, School House, Staylittle, Llanbrynmair, Mont., N.W.
Mrs. W. Wilson, 10, Hotspur St., North Kelvinside, Glasgow.
Mrs. Wingate, 1, Leyland Ave., Fog Lane, Didsbury, Man.
Mrs. H. Wright, 97, South Parade, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire.
Miss M. Yarwood, 16, St. Guthlac St., Portfields, Hereford.

WATCH FOR DETAILS OF A FURTHER OFFER BY BULMER'S 50 SOLID SILVER CIDER TANKARDS FREE

(SEE PAGE 14)

HAND-BUILT RADIO AT FACTORY PRICES

Each of the famous Mellodyne sets is made by hand—machine-made sets can't compare. And now these luxury radios are offered direct from the factory—saving you POUNDS! Imagine 30 or 40 stations at programme strength—and a tone that dazzles! A.C. or D.C.; moving coil speaker; 6 valve-power (from 3 multi-electrode TUNGSRAM valves); lovely walnut cabinets. Prices from only 19/- down (4/3 a week—or £8 15s. cash).

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One Castol (three sections) is a dose for an adult. One or two sections for children according to age.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
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All Chemists

TEST TO-NIGHT— FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

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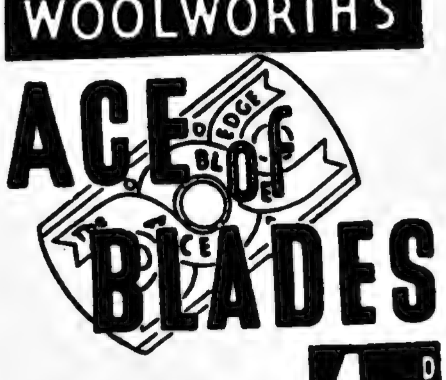

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MAURETANIA This lovely Cruising or Travel Coat is produced in a superior quality medium-weight rich soft pile fabric. It is tailored in stylish fashion with bold collar and revers, plain sleeves with strap cuffs, roomy flap pockets, and an all-round belt of self material with handsome slide. The garment is carefully finished in every respect, and lined throughout with super quality plain Art. Silk to tone. Of perfect cut and smart appearance, this coat is amazingly good value at our keen price. In Beige or Fawn shades. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 33 to 53in. Lengths: 44 to 50in. Price 37/6 Terms 5/6 Monthly.

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EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE

and £300 and £25

HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY

Commencing August, 1934

BONUS AWARD £100 FOR RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6D. ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £600

INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP £150

OPEN ONE WEEK ONLY
—Use Squares Below !

FOR solving the absorbing puzzle below, your huge 3-in-1 reward may be a £5 Monthly Life Pension £300 cash and a £25 Holiday Cheque each August as long as you live!

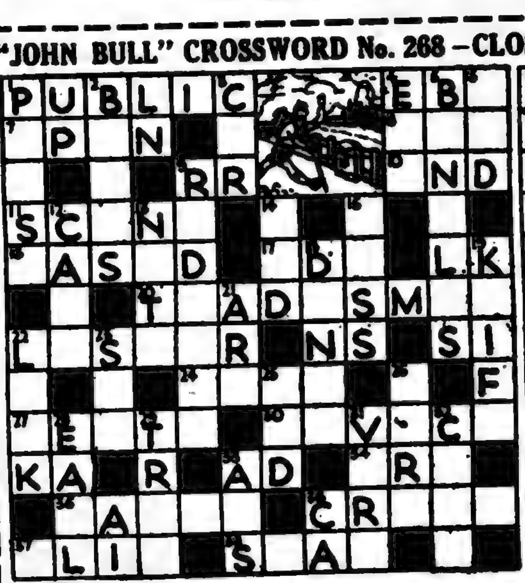
There is also an increased Holiday Award for Runners-up, amongst whom no less than £250 cash will be distributed as indicated above.

Give half-an-hour this evening to the entertainment of solving the common-sense Clues before you this week.

You will find there is an individuality in our Compiler's problems which not only defies imitation—it also makes solving a pleasure instead of a task.

Remember to get your squares to us by noon, Thursday, July 26, if you want to benefit by this week's huge offer of Holiday Cash.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 268—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1934



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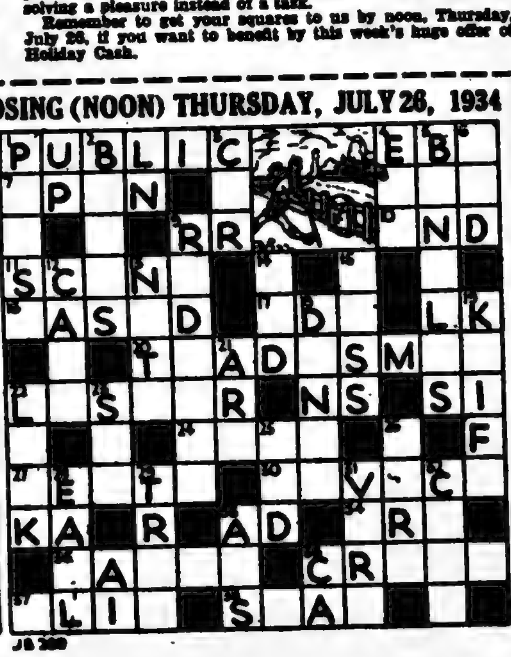


JB 268

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value........ No. ....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED..

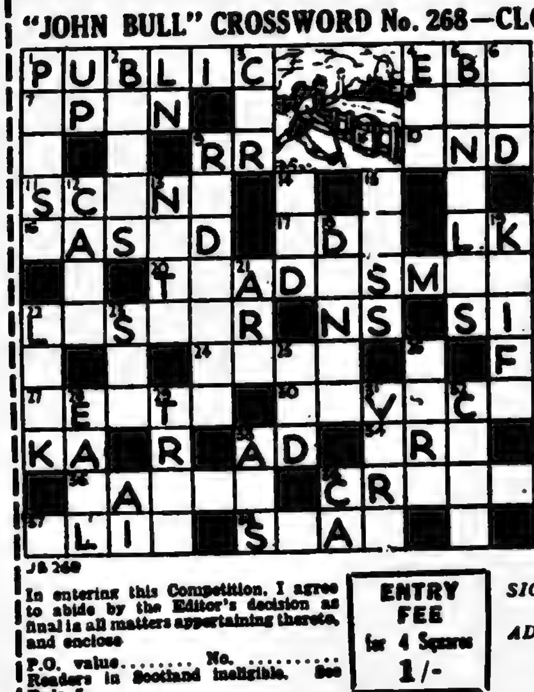
ADDRESS..

....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 268—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1934



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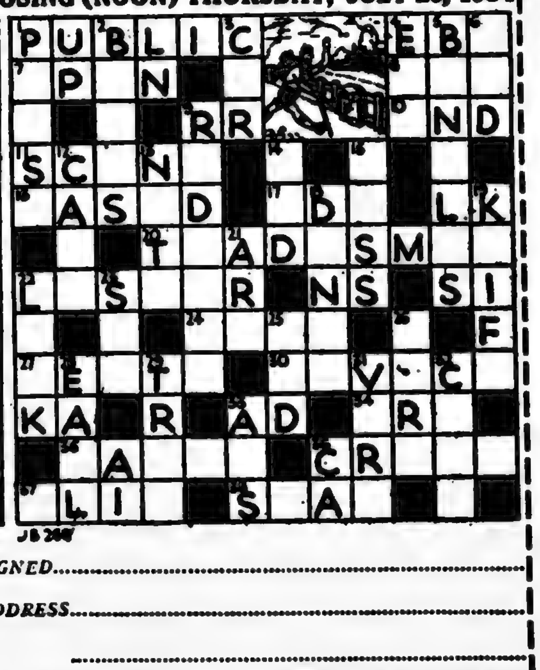


JB 268

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value........ No. ....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED..

ADDRESS..

....

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 268, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £5 a month, £300 Cash and a Holiday Cheque yearly of £25 (or a lump sum of £600) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution.

An increased Holiday Prize of £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution.

An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope.

Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 2, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 9.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. The people
4. Tide does this
7. "Once —— a time"
8. Regret
10. Links word and word
11. Part of a play
16. Pain is, by drug
17. Short poem
20. Shopkeepers
22. Smaller
24. They surround our shores
27. Dollar consists of 100 of these
30. A contrivance
34. A spell of years
35. They need careful engineering
36. Sometimes seen on a plate
37. Sometimes means a little light
38. Ma-in-law's often upsets the household

DOWN

1. Often complicates matters for doctor
2. Sometimes need putting in their proper places
3. Becomes dangerous when out of control
4. 34 across is here again
5. Red tape is seen in these
6. Where one sleeps
9. Compensation for a wrong
12. Drugs should be safe in doctor's
13. Fish are caught in them
14. Good one is sea angler's pride
15. Getting in this makes farmer anxious
18. Describes thick fog
19. Goes with fork
21. Part of verb "to be"
22. Racing motorist depends on
23. When this comes out, one gets a hot time
25. Tot up
26. Describes disaster at Arsenal
28. Man of high rank
29. Neat and tidy
31. In a high degree
32. Serious one needs specialist's attention
33. Donkey

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, July 26.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 9, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, August 21, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £600 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

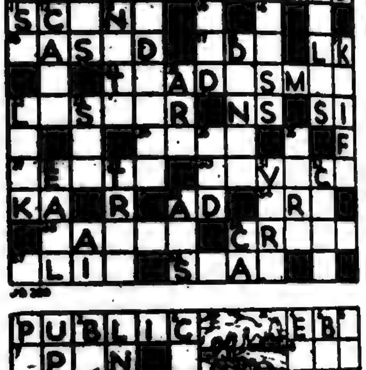
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

Let "John Bull's" Puzzle Compiler Help You Win!

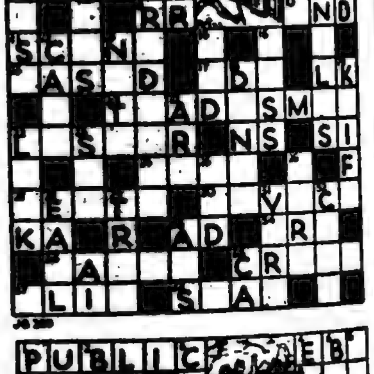
In our free weekly "Crossword Gazette" the "John Bull" compiler gives aid with his puzzles which has helped scores of big winners to succeed. Use coupon on *Bullets* page to secure each week your free "Bullets Bulletin," with which the "Crossword Gazette" is incorporated.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB 268



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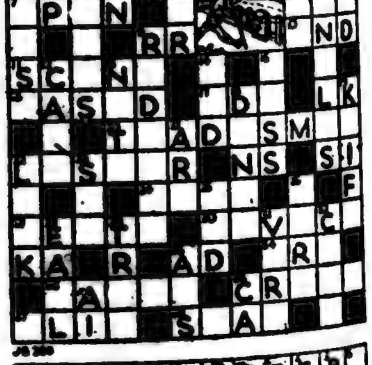

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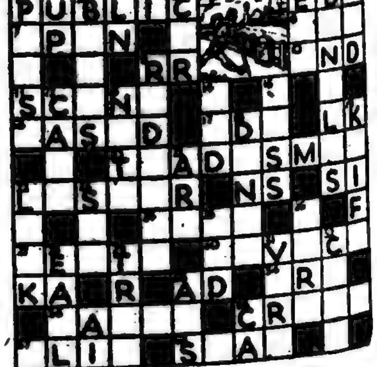


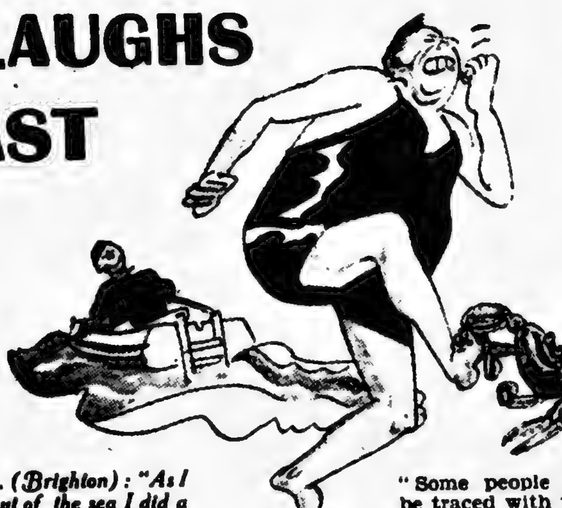
JB 268

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

Winners in Competition No. 266 on page 35. Solution and Winners in Competition No. 267 and Solution of Competition No. 268 will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 2, as announced.

he EDITOR LAUGHS LAST



. N. (Stevenage).—"Having one's hair frequently prevents baldness." So by ping it short one keeps it longer?

ARSON (Derby).—"I am particularly n on double weddings." You like put- two and two together?

. F. (Cheam).—"A man with a new t is nearly always trusted." That may lain how he got his new suit.

RED M. (Whitstable).—"Who wouldn't living in bungalows?" Boys who like ing down banisters.

* * *

. N. (*Manchester*).—"*A man recently his entire fortune to his solicitors." ll, that certainly saved the solicitors trouble of waiting for it.*

* * *

. M. (Goole).—"One member of our nis club keeps us in fits of laughter his amusing antics at the net." A sort court jester?

. F. H. (Broadstairs).—"What steps I take to remove some rooks' nests the top of some tall elm trees in my den?" Long ones.

. J. (Hammersmith).—"I understand t several barges on the Thames carry hing but electric bulbs." Lamp-ters?

. G. (Dover).—"An acrobat recently g upside down from a trapeze for two urs." Perhaps he was just trying to used to the state of the world.

V. P. (Salisbury).—"One can often tell an's character by watching his hands." if he's a bookmaker, it's advisable watch his feet.

The KID

G. C. (Kingston). "If you want to ke new friends, punting." You ve every chance falling in with me nice people.

F. B. J. (Hythe). "I never miss a ld bath in the orning." Neither we—except in e very hot ather.

T. N. (Brixton).— failed in busi-ss through no ult of my own." ing to other ople.

T. N. (Grendon). "Can you tell me a good thing for ght in the garden?" Yes, a rose tree.

M. L. (Marylebone, W.).—"A woman ten says things she doesn't mean." And man often means things he doesn't say.

H. H. H. (Bedford Park).—"Now that I ve written this letter I wonder why I nt to the trouble." Now that we have d it we also wonder.

* * *

W. B. (*Kensington*).—"*I often find yself talking to total strangers." Our ephone is like that, too.*

* * *

R. M. (Birmingham).—"At our big golf ub dance we engaged a detective to prevent gate-crashing." He was told to keep s eye on the ball, in other words?

T. O. (Isleworth).—"He is most oblig-g. He will do the mangling, wind wool, nd the gramophone, and . . ." In fact, will turn his hand to anything.

TAXI-DRIVER (Leyton).—"There's a llow round here who is always getting s fares out of turn." That's rank in-stice.

CRITIC (Fleet Street).—"My complaint that modern novels have too many ntences written ungrammatically." Our mplaint is that they have too many ntences.

G.F. (Brighton): "As I came out of the sea I did a little dance on the sands." With a crab on your toe as partner?

AMATEUR SHERLOCK (Coventry).—"An experienced pickpocket is never reckless. He awaits his opportunity." And doesn't take things as they come.

"BE PREPARED" (Stepney).—"Girl Guides should never neglect to do at least one good turn a day." Especially those who drive a car.

ELLEN (Bridgwater).—"My long plaits were my mother's pride, and she was very upset when I had my hair cut short." She was distressed at your being distressed.

M. A. (Chepstow).—"Large sums of money are paid to talkie performers for taking part in a motor smash." Unfortunately, pedestrians have to take part in them for nothing.

* * *

N. B. (Edinburgh).—"A consignment of gramophone discs were broken during a recent fast train journey." Evidently a record-breaking run.

* * *

J. V. T. (Canonbury).—"The final of the club's boxing tournament was between a dentist and a carpenter. Both men fought fast and furious." They went at each other tooth and nail.

CRICKETER (Weston-super-Mare).—"What would you call a bowler's feat if he took six wickets with six consecutive balls?" An unfortunate one for the side that's batting.

R. N. (Hampstead).—"Will these new traffic lines ever be popular?" No, they make people cross.

G. E. (Matlock).—"Hay fever is an expensive malady." Sufferers pay through their noses?

FARMER (Alvanley).—"Haymaking is made easy by modern machinery." All cut and dried?

PHOTOGRAPHER (Lewes).—"The dog is a very difficult subject to photograph." Yes, he is very apt to take a snap in return.

GERTRUDE (Shanklin).—"All through the yachting season I go about barefooted." Aren't you afraid of the tacks?

* * *

J. B. (Ayr).—"My feathered friend is the skylark. What is yours?" Bed.

* * *

A. C. (Pimlico).—"Cast-off clothing is sometimes worth a good deal." To a man, for instance, who has just had his annual dip in the sea.

SOLICITOR (Edinburgh).—"Some lawyers have been engaged on actions lasting for years." But they've all got their brief cases.

W. A. (Ashford).—"Many authors are gardeners." Digging up plots.

D. W. (Preston).—"A poem has been written on sunbathing." After Browning?

CYRIL (Hounslow).—"I bought a motorcycle for 2s. 6d." What a bargain to drive.

C. R. (Epping).—"A man recently purchased a collection of love-letters for £5,000." Were they his own?

K. V. (Reading).—"A man should be king in his own home." And his wife the Minister of the Interior.

P. C. (Dalston).—"Some people claim that criminals can be traced with the aid of twigs." Another branch of criminology.

ATHLETE (Brighton).—"I made a record long jump recently." And probably all you got as reward was bad language from the motorist

G. K. (Penzance).—"Who but a bad employer keeps a man going at full stretch all night after he's done an honest day's work?" The baby.

F. D. (Hitchin).—"I peered through the window when I heard a sharp rat-tat-tat on the front door, and whom do you think I saw?" The person who knocked.

* * *

P. C. (Leicester).—"We were chasing a bandits' car when it suddenly struck the bank and overturned." Which only goes to prove that thieves do fall out.

* * *

ACTOR (Chelsea).—"I have collected together most of the world's most ancient anecdotes." Now, we suppose, you are ready to compile your memoirs.

J. S. (Tooting).—"Some suburbanites instal French windows for appearance sake, but I see through them." So, of course, do they.

T. L. (Okehampton).—"Now the money has been left to me, I want to combine business with pleasure." Open a fair ground.

O. P. L. (Sevenoaks).—"When I arrived my hostess prepared a drink made from lemonade essence." She gave you a cordial welcome.

R. J. B. (Edinburgh).—"A father's duty should be at all times to make life a pleasant thing for his baby." What the baby makes it for the father, of course, doesn't matter.

A. H. (Poplar).—"I had just disposed of a huge load of goods at a handsome profit and was returning with another when I capsised my lorry." That was another big turnover.

MRS. T. (Dunfermline).—"Some of our slim little modern misses could do with gaining a stone, but they would hate that." Unless, of course, it was set in a nice little ring.

A. R. (Clapton).—"Our maid left suddenly, and as the company was due to arrive at any moment, my daughter filled the breach." We trust she served just as well.

* * *

F. R. (Brentford).—"Everything requires experience these days." Yes, you cannot even pick a pocket without first getting your hand in.

* * *

HIKER (Chester).—"I swam a mile down the River Dee yesterday." Anything rather than walk!

HOUSEHOLDER (Bury St. Edmunds).—"One of the burglars was very short and the other very tall." So, we guess, the police are searching high and low.

B. T. M. (Edinburgh).—"How did the Post Office get that surplus?" Well, look at all the *Bullets* Holiday Prizes we're posting off each week! May we send one of the batch on page 39 to you?

STATISTICIAN (Northwich).—"If all the cricket requisites made in this country in a year were piled on top of one another . . ." There would probably be an umpire underneath.

MARY (Bolton).—"I used to go out with a milkman but he threw me over, and I am now walking out with a steeplejack." Hoping, of course, that he will not be of the same mind as the milkman.

G. K. (Taunton).—"Shoals of small armour-plated fish have been discovered off Puerto Rico." There is a scheme on foot to put them on the market as ready-tinned sardines.

W. P. (London, S.W.).—"I am a medical officer of health and frequently receive letters from men asking for advice regarding diet." They know, of course, that you have a corporation job.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Why be "SKINNY" NERVY or Weakly?

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YOU CAN'T HIDE IT if you are "Skinny," Nervy or Weakly. Others see and judge you as you are. You can get rid of your unwanted faults, add inches to your present measurements, and get rid of every visible sign and personal feeling of Under-Development, "Nerviness" or Weakness, and so become Healthy, Vigorous, Strong, Energetic, with Good Spirits and Personal Magnetism. You will then be a REAL MAN—respected and trusted by others—men and women.

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Lionel Strongfort Institute, Dept. 414, London, S.W.16. Please send, without obligation, my free book. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage. I have put (X) before subject(s) about which I would like Free Confidential Advice.

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......Increased Height
......Skin Disorders
......Round Shoulders
......Mus. Development
......Rheumatism
......Constipation
......Nervousness
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......Short Wind
......Thinness
......Despondency

Other Ailments ....
Name ....
Occupation.................................. Age............
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AG PAPERS FIT ALL MACHINES

MAN OF 61 ENDS LIFETIME OF STOMACH PAIN

Just imagine suffering from stomach trouble for a whole life time and eating little but milk, taking all sorts of medicines but getting no permanent relief and then being completely cured, once and for all, by one bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

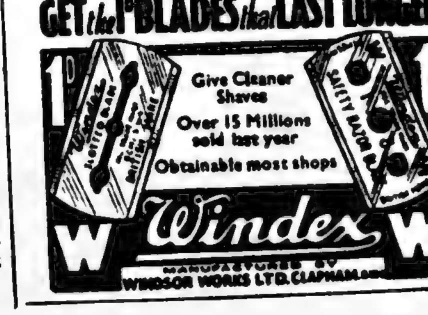
Yet read the plain unaltered words of Mr. Robert —— of Drumeldrie——. Here is his letter.

"I am now 61 years of age and have been subject to stomach trouble since I reached manhood right up to the time I received your powder. I had a bad turn at that time and thought I would try your powder but the first supply I got was not the real thing, only a sort of Magnesia, which does me no good. I was under treatment all that time on powders and milk and I am safe enough to say that I got no benefit. When I started to take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I felt improvement after the first dose. Then I got gradually better. I felt alright with the one bottle. I have had no return of the trouble since and have recommended it to all parties I am in touch with around here."

Get a bottle to-day yourself but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN."

It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

GET the 1d BLADES that LAST LONGER



Give Cleaner Shaves

Over 15 Millions sold last year

Obtainable most shops

Windex

MANUFACTURED BY WINDSOR WORKS LTD. CLAPHAM

★ A FREE BOOK FOR MOTHERS

Changeable weather is dangerous for delicate babies—sometimes it's hot, then it's chilly; milk often differs; and now light evenings are drawing in. All these factors combine to make the time an anxious one for mothers, especially young mothers of first babies.

A common-sense handbook of over 100 pages, which deals with all problems of food, clothes and welfare of a young baby, is published by Nestlé's. If any reader would like one, just send a postcard with your name and address clearly written on it, to—Nursery Expert (Dept. J.B.), NESTLE'S, 6 and 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. Write for your free copy NOW!

Indigestion Sufferers!

You will get relief if you accept the Free Trial Offer on p. 32. It will cost you nothing to fill in the Coupon in the De Witt Antacid Powder advt.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Quick Relief and Comfort:

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter" Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No 285
Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that falling to pieces feeling.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No 632
Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432).

Here are further well-known **SHADFORTH** Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—
"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144).
"BRAIN SPARKLERS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).
REDUCE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1108). It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

Privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

SHADFORTH
PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.
Dispensing Chemists
(Dept J.B.12a), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

BENEFIT AFTER OPERATION

Mrs. Riley, 5 Raglan Rd., Burnley, Lancs., writes:-
"Vitadatio has helped me a great deal. I have had no trouble at all since my operation. That is due, I feel, to the purity of my blood. More power to Vitadatio, in which I have very great faith. I should advise anyone to try Vitadatio to purify the Blood and as a pick-me-up, which in my estimation has no equal."

Vitadatio

SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier invaluable for **Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney, and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours.** Sold by Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- Bottles for export only post free.
From **VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.**

PILES CURED IN A FEW DAYS

AMAZING NATURAL CURE

DIFFERENT—PERMANENT

NO MESSY OINTMENTS. NO PURGATIVES. NO DRUGS. NO INJURIOUS INSTRUMENTS.
Pennant Pile Cure helps Nature to remove the trouble by natural methods. Painless, harmless, clean. Quickly cures the most stubborn cases of internal, external, blind, bleeding or itching piles. **FREE BOOKLET** on request. But if in pain, don't delay, send 3/3 for box of "Pennant" and booklet will come with it, all post paid in plain wrapper.
THE PENNANT CHEMICAL PRODUCTS CO. J.B.11, Medical Hall, Penygroes, North Wales.

A FREE Furnishing Catalogue that You ought to possess.

On page 23 Jay's Furnishing Stores offer readers of *John Bull* a Catalogue crammed full of bargains of their Special furnishings, together with full details of their special easy payment terms.

A free copy of this excellent Catalogue can be obtained by filling in the coupon and posting in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp. Address: Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. *John Bull*, 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Treatment.

Skin Soft as Velvet.

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world . . ."
(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD., (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.2.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

AMAZING FREE Trial Offer to ASTHMA and CATARRH Sufferers.

10,000 Free Samples.

A FREE trial supply of Dr. Singha Brand Asthma Tablets or a generous sample of Dr. Singha Brand Catarrh Cure, togetherwith a free treatise and testimonials, will be sent to all readers who suffer from these distressing complaints. Fill in the coupon on p. 33 (write clearly!) and enclose 3d. stamp to cover cost of postage and packing. Write NOW!

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2¼d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey - Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

5/2 NOW

It will cost you Nothing to accept this generous offer of

A FREE RAZOR BLADE!

* The makers of Stead Razor Blades offer every *John Bull* reader a FREE sample "STEAD BLADE" in a special "STEAD" WALLET. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on p. 29 and enclose in an unsealed envelope bearing a ½d. stamp. Accept this free offer now!

TO-DAY THE WORLD IS THEIRS!

NOT many days ago the family trio you see on this page were jogging along like other folk.

Mrs. W. Turner busied herself with the countless tasks of a housewife in her neat little home at 6, Fairview Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham. Her husband, Mr. C. H. Turner, strove to fight the depression in the cement trade for his firm. And their young son was carving himself a career as a salesman.

To-day they are still jogging along at their jobs—but what a world of difference has come over the affairs of this family! Mrs. Turner has suddenly secured a fortune, plus independence for life. And before long, unless unforeseen circumstances arise, mother, father and son will be setting out together on a luxurious 29,650-mile World Cruise in s.s. *Empress of Britain*.

The Winner's Son

Such are the glorious prospects of the Turner family, thanks to a coupon entered for our *Bullets* Competition No. 942 containing the telling and topical *Bullet*, TERROR OF TO-MORROW—RUSTY "TANK'S" GRIM WARNING.

That coupon bore only the name "W. Turner"—hence our publication of the winner last week as "Mr." W. Turner. But the winner is Mrs. W. Turner, who has thus secured the finest *Bullets* prize ever won by a woman.

"Not only is it my wife's prize, but she took a leading part in making the winning effort," were Mr. Turner's words to a JOHN BULL man. "We often do *Bullets* together and she is very quick at finding ideas."

Although he had entered *Bullets* "on and off" for the past ten years, it was only within the last six months, Mr. Turner related, that he had entered one or two coupons every week.

"I've won one or two half-crowns," he recalled. "Then I've had a few "Targets' — and our First Prize *Bullet* was actually entered on a 'Target' coupon!"

* * *

Fancy coming home from your holiday to find awaiting you the news of a £350 prize on its way! That was the thrilling experience of Mr. W. F. Bazin, 110c, Marlborough Road, Bowes Park, who carried off the Second Prize in this Contest.

"I have always considered myself hopeless at *Bullets*," this winner confesses. "But I have won several 'Targets' at long intervals and one 2s. 6d. award a long time ago. And now, at a jump—Second Prize!"

The Third Prize-winner, Mrs. W. Casey, "Fairwinds," Braemar Crescent, Leigh-on-Sea, learnt the news of her success two days before leaving for a holiday. Her husband, Mr. L. Levens, made her *Bullet* and entered it in her maiden name.

"Watch the winners!" is the motto of this competitor. Let it help you to win one of this week's fifty big Holiday Prizes!

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 943

FIRST PRIZE, £500 AND £25 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE—OR £750 CASH.

Mr. G. SAMWAYS, The Spa, Hockley, Essex.
Example:—WHAT MOTHER MADE
Bullet:—AND MERITS, "HEAVENLY HOME."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE £50:

L. A. SPRACKLEN, 5, Damers Road, Dorchester.
Example: Shows He's A Pal
Bullet: Stands Near—Stands Sneers.

THIRD PRIZE £30:

Mrs. BROOKER, 3 Berridge Lane, Belgrave, Leicester.
Example: Mankind's Story
Bullet: Teller Mustn't Forget Toiler.

OTHER PRIZES

£20: N. MORSE, B. 9, M.T.S., R.A.F. Base, Calshot, Hants.
Bundle Of Mischief—Dream Cottage's Last "Brick."

£19: W. A. FIELD, "Kamloops," 85, Old Harrow Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Cause Of The Collision—"Full Skin," Full Pelt.

£18: Mrs. C SMITH, 11, Sabel Villas, London Road, S. Benfleet, Essex.
Untold—Wealth, "Little Box" Buried.

£17: R. SKUE, Cerney, Hertford Place, Newport, Mon
Out Came The Moon And—Now They're Planning "Sunnyside."

£16: T. FRASER, 15, Charlton Buildings, Bath.
Looking Brighter—Applicant Overhearing "Looks Bright!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£15: G. W. WRIGHT, 62, Alexander Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.
Mankind's Story—Stirring Exploits—Sad Exploitation.

2 OF £14 EACH:

H. BRADFIELD, 5, Muscroft Lane, Hatfield, near Doncaster.
Road To Recovery—Paved With *Circulating* [illegible]

[illegible] 741, Moston Lane, Manchester.
[illegible]aside's Seamy Side.

2 OF £13 EACH:

J. P. HEWER, 6, Bridge Street, Hereford.
Poor People—"Hard Lot"—Softhearted Lot.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. LEE, 84, Woodcock Street, Hull.
Drifting Apart—Leaving "Opening" For War-monger.

2 OF £12 EACH:

Miss W. COX, 5, Peacock Street, Norwich.
Loveless Marriage—Misery Nursed—Nursery Missed.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. G. WHEELER, 5, Highland Place, Bridgend, Glam.
Drudgery—In Utopia, Counting Wages!

2 OF £11 EACH:

Miss A. B JONES Ferndale, Longburton, Sherborne, Dorset.
Drifting Apart—Couple Owning Yacht Apiece.

H. SLYNN, 9, Albert Street, Mumps, Oldham, Lancs.
Road To Recovery—European Politics Making Tight-rope.

2 OF £10 EACH:

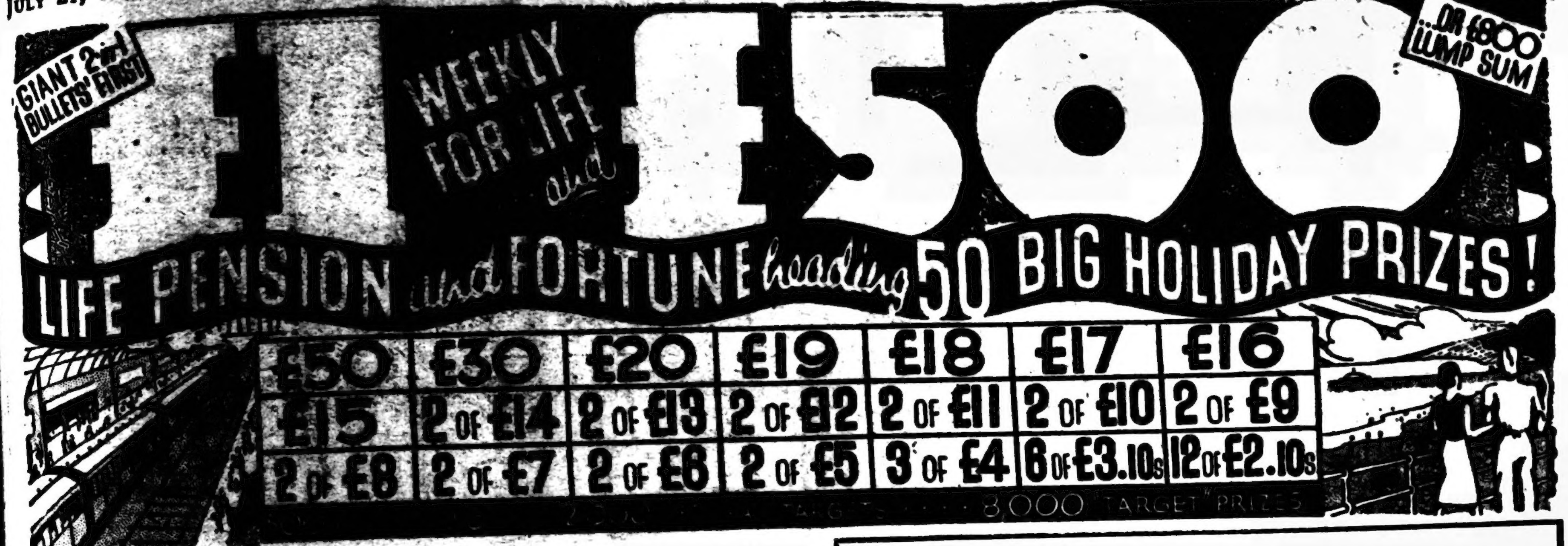
J. P. McClafferty, 40, Wellington Street, Londonderry, Ulster.
Drudgery — Rewarded — "Floor's D—Slippery!"

A. K. SMITH, 4, Lansdowne Close, Malvern, Worcs.
Cause Of The Collision—"Blind" Corner—"Deaf" Council.

A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

[illegible]l" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Fen Coupon appear this week on page 2.


GIANT 2-in-1 BULLETS' FIRST!
£1 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £500
OR £800 LUMP SUM
LIFE PENSION and FORTUNE heading 50 BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES!
8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

£50	£30	£20	£19	£18	£17	£16
£15	2 OF £14	2 OF £13	2 OF £12	2 OF £11	2 OF £10	2 OF £9
2 OF £8	2 OF £7	2 OF £6	2 OF £5	3 OF £4	6 OF £3.10s	12 OF £2.10s

Greatest One-week Holiday Prize Heads £1,300 Offer!

BEFORE you to-day is the finest First Prize yet seen in JOHN BULL's great Holiday Campaign! For one week only you have the opportunity of capturing £500 cash to cover your holidays for years to come and qualifying also for a *Bullets* £1 Pension Cheque each week for the rest of your life.

This huge 2-in-1 First for the sender of this week's best *Bullet* is only one of the attractions in this big Holiday Offer. Count up for yourself the 49 others, each a cheque for a few words which would make your 1934 holiday a week to remember for years to come.

Even as you glance at the list of *Examples* a bright thought may strike you. A few minutes spent on phrasing it neatly, a few more on entering it on one of the coupons provided, and a fine holiday success may well be yours.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet* you have simply to select any of the *Examples* and add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment. Suppose, for instance, you had selected the *Example*, REMEMBER 1914 AND. Your first rough idea might be, *We Mustn't Have Another War*. This you could soon compress and improve to the finished *Bullet*, REMEMBER 1914 AND—SEND THOSE WAR-MONGERS "MARCHING."

To help you to breathe the *Bullets* atmosphere and get into the frame of mind which helps you to find good phrasing for your efforts, study carefully the good points of the winning efforts which appear on the opposite page.

Try to retrace for yourself the steps from *Example* to finished *Bullet* which resulted in these winning efforts—then get busy on some winners of your own!

On Friday, August 10, our First Prize telegram may bring you the glorious news that you have won a fortune of £500 plus a Life Pension of £1 a week. But that tremendous thrill cannot be yours unless your entry is in by Saturday, July 28.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

TWENTY YEARS AFTER
TREMBLING ON THE BRINK
REMEMBER 1914 AND
NATIONAL CALAMITY
OUR SALVATION
CAN'T BE FOUND
THE GUIDE
IN TIME OF TROUBLE
HIS WORK
WONDERFUL
HER PEKINESE
KEPT UNDER
STIFLING
WHILE HE SLEPT
FOR THE FUTURE
ARMED WITH KNOWLEDGE
SMILING THROUGH
ONCE A YEAR
OFF TO THE SEASIDE
NEARLY READY
BEST MAN
TRIPPED HIM UP
HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE
SOUR GRAPES
I NEVER THOUGHT
TO MAKE HER HAPPY
STUPIDITY
IN BLACK AND WHITE
CAUGHT HIS EYE
TOO MUCH
WORTH A MILLION
FAIR GAME
ONE TO HER
OUT OF SIGHT
TACTFULLY
WHEN THE CRISIS IS OVER

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £50-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide in competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press, Ltd., and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £1,500 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 942 will be displayed in the window of Mr. S. Webster, [illegible], Mansfield Road, Sherwood, Nottingham.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £3, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 947 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(947) Closing SAT., July 28

P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(947) Closing SAT., July 28

P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(947) Closing SAT., July 28

P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(947) Closing SAT., July 28

P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________
EXAMPLE ____________________
BULLET ____________________

(947) Closing SAT., July 28

P.O. No. ____________________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed ____________________
Address ____________________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 947, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

WHY PAY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY? WIN IT!

'It Was Amazing!!'

A WEEK AGO She Was A

Nervous Wreck

"Head Ached—Too Tired and Ill To Walk or Eat—Could Not Sleep"

NOW She Writes

"I Cannot Too Highly Praise Yeast-Vite BRAND TABLETS"

Woolwich, S.E.18.

Dear Sirs,

I wish to express my greatest thanks to you through this letter for your wonderful "Yeast-Vite" Tablets.

I was left an absolute wreck as a result of nervous shock.

My head ached, my eyes were almost blinded. I felt too tired and ill to walk or eat, and could not sleep.

My husband, whilst out on a walk on Sunday evening, passed a chemist's shop just by the Woolwich Ferry. Well, he did not pass until he had entered and purchased a bottle of "Yeast-Vite."

He brought them home and almost forced me to take two, followed by one every two hours. It was amazing. Within three days I was able to carry out my household duties without any discomfort, and within a week ***I was able to attend an evening performance at our local theatre and thoroughly enjoy myself.***

These were the benefits I obtained through "Yeast-Vite" Tablets and I cannot too highly praise them.

I remain, yours faithfully,

Mrs. A. P.

Stricken down by a nervous shock and left "an absolute wreck" with dimmed eyes and aching head . . . ill, tired . . . appetite gone . . . and sleep denied her! What a "world of suffering" this unfortunate lady endured.

How wonderful to think that within three days she was able to carry on with her home duties, and in one short week was so restored to health that she could attend the theatre . . . and thoroughly enjoy herself!

And how was this marvellous change brought about? Through the wonderful aid of "Yeast-Vite," of course! No wonder she says . . . "It Was Amazing!"

How wise her husband was to buy "Yeast-Vite"!

The news of "Yeast-Vite's" wonderful conquests never ends! Each case more amazing than the last . . . each tribute more full of gratitude than the one which went before!

So "Yeast-Vite," the wonderful continues its great work of Health-bringing and Pain Relief . . . brightening thousands of lives . . . recreating out of a "world of suffering" a future radiant with the joy of Buoyant Well-being!

Be guided by these happy people's experiences! Let "Yeast-Vite" bring the same glorious benefits to YOU! Determine NOW to take this Marvellous "Lightning Pick-me-up" and face life with the Enthusiasm and Vitality which "Yeast-Vite" so abundantly confers.

YEAST-VITE RELIEVES

NERVE PAINS
in 5–15 minutes
HEADACHES
in 5–15 minutes
LASSITUDE
in 10–20 minutes
DEPRESSION
in 10–20 minutes
"NERVES"
in 10–20 minutes
INDIGESTION
in 15–30 minutes
EXHAUSTION
in 15–30 minutes
SLEEPLESSNESS
in 30–60 minutes
RHEUMATISM
in 24 hours
CONSTIPATION
in 36 hours
IMPURE BLOOD
in 36 hours

What wondrous POWER enables "Yeast-Vite" to so rapidly relieve PAIN . . . so quickly restore VIGOUR . . . so completely banish LOWNESS OF SPIRITS and so lastingly restore HEALTH and STRENGTH? It is simply this. Each and every "Yeast-Vite" Tablet is an accurate scientific combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomyces Cerevisiae) Vitamins (especially the all-important HEALTH Vitamin "B") and other tonic elements as prescribed by leading Specialists. It benefits Body, Blood, Brain and Nerves.

From the very first dose of "Yeast-Vite" you feel Renewed—Refreshed—Reinvigorated. PAIN disappears! WEAKNESS is changed to STRENGTH! Life becomes Happy—Joyous—WORTH LIVING.

NO CURE—NO PAY

This is Unquestionably the Most Honest, Straightforward and Fair Dealing Offer Ever Made to the British Public. FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE ACCEPT IT TO-DAY.

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Tonic Tablets, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full.

Yeast-Vite *Brand Tonic*
TABLETS. ***Sold Everywhere***

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

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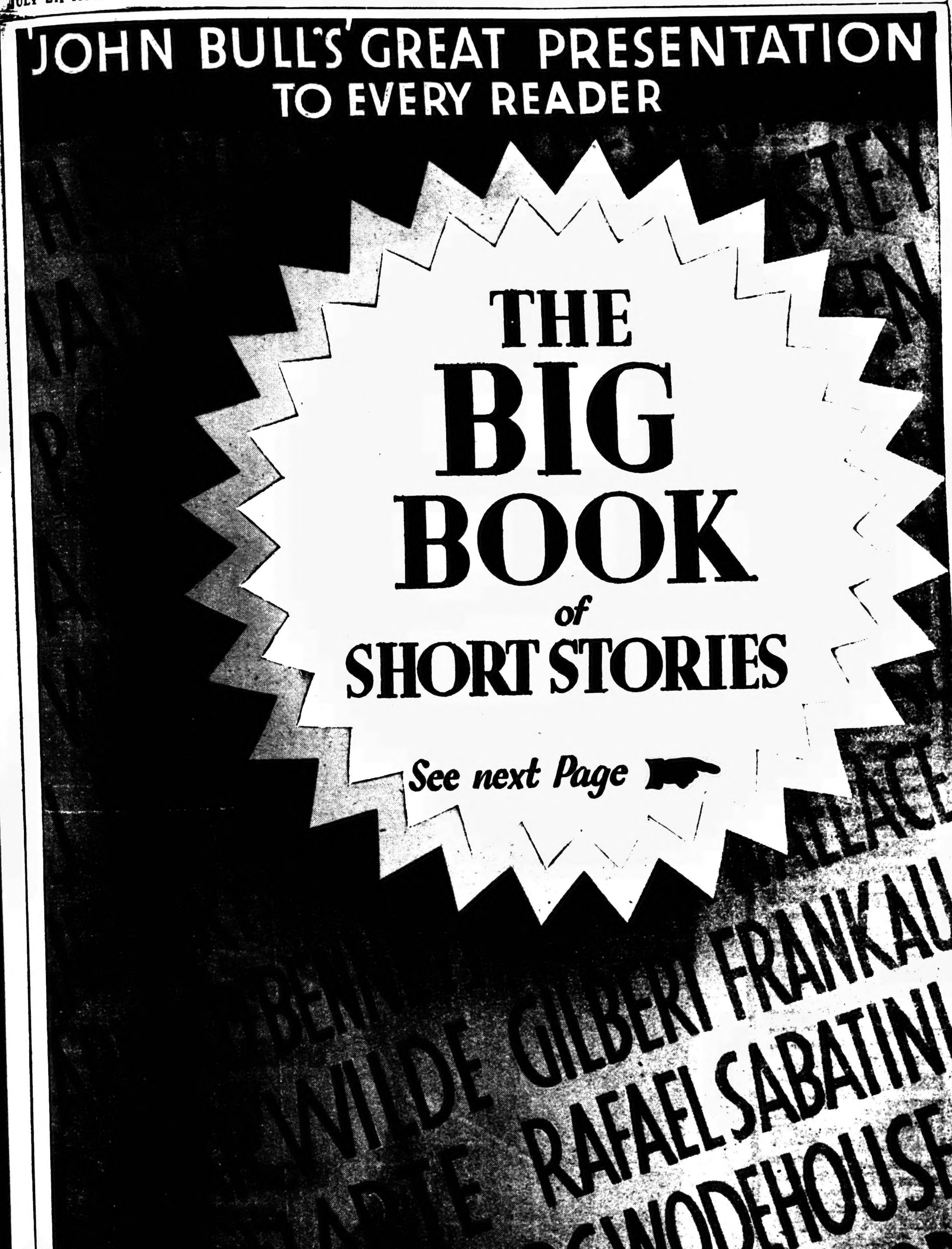
JOHN BULL'S GREAT PRESENTATION
TO EVERY READER
THE
BIG
BOOK
of
SHORT STORIES
See next Page
WALLACE
GILBERT FRANKAU
WILDE
RAFAEL SABATINI
P.G. WODEHOUSE

THE BIG BOOK

Look at this list of world-famous authors—

G. K. CHESTERTON
WARWICK DEEPING
JEFFERY FARNOL
GILBERT FRANKAU
IAN HAY
RAFAEL SABATINI
EDGAR WALLACE
H. G. WELLS
P. G. WODEHOUSE
P. C. WREN
Etc.

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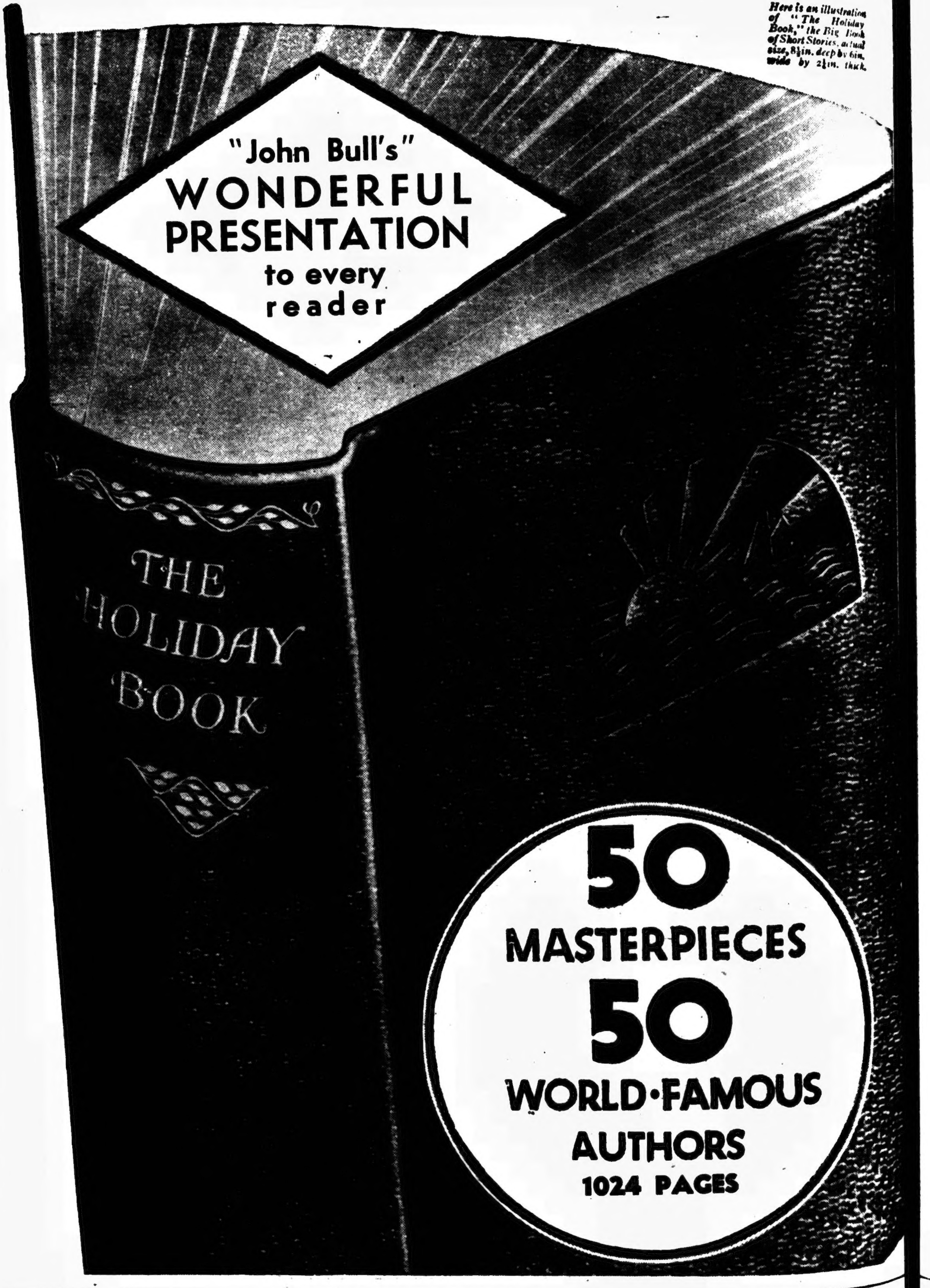

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